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No. 596.

PUBLISHED IN  
APRIL 1953.

LONDON:  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.  
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 THE QUARTERLY REVIEW is published in January, April, July, and October.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 596.—APRIL 1953

## Art. 1.—COMPULSIVE NON-VIOLENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE revival of passive resistance in South Africa should not be dismissed lightly as a passing reflection of one of the several discontents within the Union: it has, I think, greater and more lasting significance, as its processes in India may show. Although it was in South Africa that Gandhi first used non-violence as a political weapon, it was not the South Africa of Dr Malan, but of an earlier, more malleable day when Britain still held the leading strings; nor had his weapon been then perfected and fully proved. Let me, then, stir the embers of Indian memory, seeking analogy and contrast.

It is clear now, in the wisdom of retrospect, that in India everything favoured revolution by the new method: the stage; the time; the man and his technique; his opponents. The African stage and time, and the new opponent, are so very different; and the man is dead. Can his technique live?

What was the Indian stage? A country which had been, in the haze of antiquity, a cradle of speculative religion; and which, despite the constrictive strait-jacket of a social, occupational system of caste, still nurtured the spiritual. It had given to the world Brahmanism, Jainism, and Buddhism. It had bent before, but not broken under, the unbridled impact of Islam. It had known, as had its Muslim conqueror, the rapacity of the European trader, and, not infrequently, his violence: Portuguese, Dutch, British, French. It had become a cockpit of European rivalries. In its weakness it had lent its men to the foreigner to build his armies and to administer his usurpations; and thus had purchased, first, respite, and then, under the British, a hopeful, cloistered servitude. Such was the stage: a vast arena of high, tortured memory, patient of suffering.

Vol. 291.—No. 596.

Some thousands of miles and many centuries divide this from the South African picture, where there is little legacy of culture, no springboard of past experience; where children of barbarism have leaped in one bound from aboriginal darkness into the blinding, frightening light of day. But plants grow rapidly in sunlight.

Again in India, what of the time and of the opponent? In many countries, if not, perhaps, in South Africa, political thought was in the melting-pot. Even more materially, the British, who ruled India, in their amenability to the beckoning hand of progress were ripe for subversion. When Gandhi challenged, Britain had been for some time aware that there were new horizons beyond those of empire, and had, indeed, pledged to India her acceptance of this new vision. But, though aware and pledged, subconsciously she was not wholly reconciled to change; and so it was with a measure of reluctance that she married the new morality with her selfish benevolence. There was bred a hesitant policy, which vacillated between uneasy conciliation and a stiff-lipped, weak-kneed imperialism. Gandhi, gentle, understanding, intractable, accepted the one and smiled at the other.

He was fortunate in his rulers. In no others would he have found such confusion of unknowing, faltering wisdom. It is tribute to him that he should have recognised this, and no less tribute to Britain that she was of the clay that he could fashion. It would be idle to pretend that Britain succumbed to non-violence with a cheerfully wry grin. She was out-played, out-fought. At first she underestimated its power; later she resented and strove against its coercion; in the end, she accepted the inevitable with the grace of her underlying good will.

Again it is a far cry from all this, from an arena where on neither side was reason so overweighted with selfish intolerance as to jettison compromise, to a South Africa of 'apartheid' or, at its most pliable average, of indurated racial prejudice.

What of the man; and of his technique? What manner of man was he? Pious fraud, inspired patriot, rascally agitator, naked fakir, image of Christ, what was he? He has been called them, one and all. But the years have blunted the edge of asperity; and most men will now concede him goodness and greatness. In any event, he

bestrode the Indian stage like a Colossus. He was too complex or, on another interpretation, too simple for assessment within the compass of a few paragraphs. Let me, nevertheless, courting folly, attempt the task, seeking the lessons which may not have died with him and the principles which may be greater and more enduring than their exponent. Suffer me, in the endeavour, to ramble a little.

His objective was to rid India of the British intruder. His purpose was to mould into a powerful political machine a people who, despite their capacity for passive endurance and their admixture of martial races, were in bulk mild, unwarlike, and even timid. His problem, by its very premises, dictated its own answer. Revolutionary violence was no weapon for the physically uncombative; therefore he must forge a weapon which could compel through non-violence. He would forge mass non-violence. But was that not a contradiction in terms? Mass, and yet non-violent?

On the answer to this question hangs not only a correct evaluation of Gandhi, which is only incidental to this article, but also a truer appreciation of the nature of his weapon, and by consequence a fairer judgment of the reactions of its opponents to its threat. With these two latter pendants the South African has close concern.

Is it the spiritual content in non-violence which has the power to overcome the resistances of a patently material world? Or is it the physical threat which, in favourable circumstances, is so effectively compulsive; the threat implicit in the marshalling, under the safe cover of non-violence, of masses of men, and of men so prone, in the mass, to break into violence? In effect, is it not covert mobilisation?

The answer, if one lets it, will clothe itself in many colours, varying with the quantity and quality of the mass, with the virtue of its appeal or demand, and with the character and fibre of its opponent. There is coercion working through pity or adoration and compelling to a code of high ethical conduct, in the spectacle of the lone Christ dying on the Cross. There is coercion in the angry mutter of a mob, non-violent only because unarmed, aiming through the physical threat of its numbers to over-awe its opponents and to enforce an unfair, immoral claim. Between these two extremes there can be infinite variation;

but if we are to be practical, we must turn our eyes from the mists and look only, in the clear light of our knowledge of human imperfection, at the broad political canvas of large numbers and contentious claims. Viewed thus the answer can only be of the one hue : that the mass, actual or potential, is inherently violent.

Gandhi, on all the evidence, was by far too competent a strategist to be so purblind a saint as not to know that which is so transparently clear. But he himself abhorred violence, and he knew too that the threat had value only for just so long as it did not degenerate into act ; and thus invite the retaliation of violence. Degeneration was organisational suicide. Under his control, therefore, mass non-violence strove hard, and with considerable success, to suppress the Mr Hyde of its schizophrenic personality. But there inhered in it, and must always inhere in it, the element of violence.

This is not to say that the alloy of his making did not have high spiritual content and, as it proved, deep spiritual consequence. Nor is it to detract from his stature. Indeed, it defends him against the possible charge of having been a saintly simpleton. That he was a good man is beyond question, but he was also a great man ; ascetic, politician, patriot inextricably rolled into one. May the saint not have his meed of political shrewdness ?

Gandhi, then, using an instrument in which violence inhered, escaped condemnation and achieved merit because, however debatable his method, his objective was recognisably just : the compulsion of that self-government for India to which Britain had pledged herself and which she was being too slow to give. Had he used the same instrument to press a patently unethical claim, then, his purpose being vulnerable, its frustration by force might conceivably have become virtuous. Britain, prompted by her half-unwilling recognition of the ethical strength of his case and by a consciousness of the growing weakness of her own, yielded to him and thus, in the opinion of many, purchased benefit to herself.

In brief, justification for mass non-violence must rest, if it can find ground, not on some intrinsically mystic value in non-violence, but on its intention and surroundings ; and these, in the ordinary way of things, are subjects of controversy. It may plead for tolerance only if its purpose



is in manifest accord with the concepts of current civilisation ; and only then if this cannot be furthered in some other less menacing, less casuistical way. But conversely, its opponent, using violence to suppress it and seeking to justify his action to the onlooking nations, may not rest his case merely on the unfairness of non-violent compulsion, but must also establish that the interests which he is defending are, if selfish, also just. Both he and his coercer are brought before the jury of the nations. There, in the last analysis, is the vindication of Gandhi in his struggle with Britain. There, in the last analysis, are the scales in which South Africa will be weighed.

So Gandhi forged his weapon ; slowly, cautiously. His moves had always the appearance of an artless simplicity, of an unimpeachable moderation. The full measure of his progress was only seen, with astonished dismay, when it was too late to trample on its slow beginnings. And even then the Government of India always flinched from halting him. It allowed each boil to come to a head before it could steel itself to lance it.

Let me give a short sketch of non-violence as it worked, successfully, on the ground. It is drawn from one of the earlier movements when the technique employed was that of breaking some trivial law or regulation in order to express distaste not for the foreigner but for his rule.

The Bombay City Congress Committee has decided, let us suppose, to break a police regulation banning processions through a certain area. The area may be that of the Bombay Secretariat. The regulation of itself is harmless enough. After all, secretaries and their staffs have to get to their offices and to work in them, and this is not easily done when the way is blocked and ears are deafened by an orderly, non-violent crowd shouting, with the menace of rhythm, 'Gandhi Maharaj ki jaya!' and, for a change, 'Up, up, the National Flag! Down, down, the Union Jack!' So, to-day in South Africa is heard the fainter, yet rhythmic chant, 'Down with Malan! Free Dadu!'

The Bombay Committee makes known the intention, time, and place to the police, who send a small body of men sufficient to hold up non-violently the expected two hundred or so of non-violent law-breakers. Thus a courteous protest is registered against British rule and is as courteously received. If the gesture, in its repetitions, can

remain symbolic all will be well and good, if of doubtful efficacy. But it does not rest there. For one thing, the mob begins to take a hand in the game. After the pleasant, farcical stalemate has continued for a few hours a whisper steals through the city that there is a *tamasha*, a bit of fun, on at the Secretariat, and that it is quite safe to go and have a look. Bolder elements, largely students maturing into a praiseworthy but excited patriotism, and some riff-raff, take the risk and find that it does not exist. To meet the influx the police call up more men; and so the throng increases and the tension increases and the police increase. An interesting game of arithmetic has begun. How many police does one require to hold up non-violently five hundred non-violent Congressmen? Or a thousand or three thousand? The police find the weak, pleasant answer. One doesn't. One withdraws the cordon, preferably under the face-saving cover of darkness, allowing through the zealots, diminished by night and hunger. Victory to Gandhi, and all cheerfully harmless.

But when the crowd, now thoroughly enjoying the game, swells to ten, twenty, fifty thousand? Much of it clad in symbolic, home-spun white, and all squatting athwart one of the city's main arteries? What then? There is now an ominous undercurrent to the derisive situation. The hum of the crowd is no longer altogether gentlemanly. The good humour of the police has worn more than a little thin. The crowd no longer consists wholly of Gandhian zealots. Violence is now only a matter of time and incidental spark.

The authorities can either let the crowd through and try to laugh it off, in the uncomfortable knowledge that tomorrow will follow to-day and that one breach of law will follow another into open violence and to the hinterland of anarchy. Or they can disperse the crowd by force and free the arterial blood of the city to flow again. But dispersal by force will arouse deep bitterness; and Britain will incur much odium, both in India and abroad; and the police will find it a nauseous, revolting duty. The scoundrels and riff-raff in the crowd and the faint-hearted will of course make themselves scarce; but the leaven of worthy, gentle zealots will remain to be caned or beaten with sticks until only the most enduring stay to be haled to a police lock-up. So there it is: the dilemma.



Viewed from the level of the same street, non-violence is seen to be an unpleasant thing. And, its critics will ask, who is more to blame—he who invites, even compels brutality; or he who, compelled, employs it? There is no absolute compulsion? Then what meaning has government?

If culpability in conflict rests always on the seeming, immediate aggressor, then the critics obviously have the right of it, for there can be no question but that Gandhi used the compulsion of an anarchic, dangerous weapon. But can the apportionment of blame be dictated by anything so mechanical? Can it be divorced from the rightness of the claims which prompt the aggression? Must not justice look deeper? Surely it must ask: Had India the backing of moral right? And, probing a possible weakness: Could Gandhi find no other, less offensive weapon in all the armoury of democracy? Few will challenge the moral right; some, but now a dwindling minority, will contend that the choice of weapon betrayed an unnecessary haste out of keeping with the benevolence of the opponent and the immaturity of Indian political development. But, whatever the answer in India, the questions, appropriately altered, will persist in addressing themselves to South Africa. Has the non-white a good case? Has he within measurable reach any other weapon than non-violence? Does the animal become very vicious because he defends himself?

But, it will be said, this sort of bedlam in the streets of Bombay could not possibly be transferred to South Africa, where there is not the same excessive disproportion between the white man and the non-white, the same acquired patience in suffering, the same estimable nearness of the goal, the same hesitant amenability of the government. But are not these factors counterbalanced by conditions which, if different, are as bad? Does not the white man depend, in all his economy, on the labour of the non-white? Does he not, for this reason, congregate the non-white dangerously together?

The Government of India was always deplorably slow to learn its lessons; to recognise that the Gandhian movements were tides which, as they flowed and ebbed, encroached ever deeper upon the land. As each successive tide ebbed Government, like an exhausted, surviving

swimmer, told itself that the sea had failed of its destructive, barren purpose : that the politicians were noisy, but that the illiterate millions were as sound as a bell. It plumed itself on the success of its own courage of restraint. But never a tide of them all failed of its mark.

Government nevertheless came to realise that the penalties under the law were not sufficiently deterrent. It was unwise to send thousands of youths to jail for periods of a month and under. It glorified them ; and it washed out that instinctive fear of jail which is embedded in decent society. Not very good, it thought, for the Indian jailors either. Staunch lot ; but one never knows. Next time, if there ever is a next, penalties must be more decisive for this kind of thing. It will not be so funny being put away for a long spell. And so Government believed what it wished to believe and understated its danger.

Gandhi, in or out of prison, was better able to assess the balance of profit and loss than either the foreign, benevolently wooden government or the people in the lassitude of their expended effort. What had he gained ? He had proved that non-violence was not quite the thing of fun that so many people had thought it. Even his much ridiculed Gandhi cap, the cap of the convict, was beginning to be recognised as the pregnant symbol of a nascent nationalism. His followers were dispirited ; but when they revived they would recall with dynamic pride how, relatively unscathed, they had bearded their powerful rulers. The police ? The army ? Well ; one thing at a time. He had no animus, of course, against them. They were merely doing their misapprehended duty.

He had taught young India to endure, and it was that particular section of it which had been thought timid and incapable of endurance. That, he told himself, was his major achievement. The idea of sacrifice had begun to grip their souls ; and that which had started half as a prank was to many becoming a religion, a fruitful, constructive religion, with possibilities outside its immediate, revolutionary purpose ; not like the mind-corroding acid which was all that the terrorists had to offer.

No ; a nation was being born. Government, he smiled to himself, had played his game. They had made of their jails a particularly matey club and had sent his young men and his old to them in their thousands to the accompani-

ment of shouts of ' Mahatma Gandhi ki jaya ! ' ; men who derisively opted for jail rather than a fine. Jail can be quite a pleasant place if there are enough of you there ; enough to harass and even to overawe the Indian jailors. And it is an excellent incubator and propagator of doctrine. Yes ; a nation was being born. His instrument was becoming a thing of the spirit, was developing a soul.

Thus he measured the success which his rulers deemed failure : and bided his time. Action ; reaction ; revival : that was to be the theme. Is there any lesson in all this for South Africa ?

Always, as Gandhi's movements declined, there was an aftermath. The lawlessness which the contempts of non-violence had generated spread like an infecting miasma, changing hue with chameleon-like adaptability to its new surroundings. There would be another spurt of terrorism in Bengal, of agrarian disorder in Bihar and the United Provinces, of Sikh trouble in the Punjab, of labour discontent in Madras. And back the infection would race, strengthened by its contacts with violence. The reinforcement aided Gandhi in two ways. It spurred his following to further contempts of law against a harassed government and, by its immediate, contiguous contrast, it high-lighted the relative morality of non-violence. Even to Government non-violence began to take on a shade of respectability and, from the moment of that thought, Gandhi towered from leader to portent.

His secret lay in his wholeness. He was, in effect, Indian nationalism incarnate, but without the acidities of that flesh. Bitterness, irritation, the frets of an unresolved personality were not in him. He was the perfect, because the least imperfect, revolutionary. South Africa is unlikely to meet another like him ; which, one may think, is a pity. Nevertheless, she would do well to remember that the child of his creation is lusty and that, moreover, it will not squall alone. It has a horrid little bed-fellow in violence.

The tale of non-violence in India is not, however, wholly one of success. It had its tally of grievous failures, and these too carry their lessons. If it succeeded against the British, it betrayed fundamental weakness against adversaries less amenable : the Muslims and the extreme Hindus.

Against Hindu and Muslim rigidity Gandhi used persuasion in plenty, but not coercion ; and for the very good reason that coercion would have cut no ice. Had he threatened the Muslim League with a fast to the death to compel its acceptance of the political unity of geographical India, the Muslim League, with a regretful shrug of aggressive shoulders, would have watched him die. The Hindu Maha Sabha held men of equal intransigence, as fanatically devoted to the religion of their fathers and as convinced that, inevitably, a straight fight between Hindu and Muslim must decide the inheritance from Britain in India. Of the spiritual in his weapon League and Sabha recked little ; they had spiritual values of their own which his values challenged. To his masses of non-violently masked violence they could oppose other masses unhampered by non-violence.

It is clear, therefore, that non-violence demands for success some degree of responsiveness. It postulates in its opponent a mind open to negotiation. It must have weakness to nibble at. Anything which slams the door irrevocably on negotiation frustrates the mass movement into the violence which lies so near its surface and from which the leaven of its zealots cannot save it. Gandhi had few equals as a negotiator, as Viceroy's were to discover to their cost. He combined charm with shrewdness and intractability with sweet reasonableness. To negotiate with him was to lose ground in an atmosphere of perfect goodwill and even of bonhomie.

Yet he failed with the League and the Sabha. The Muslim sat back, expressionlessly cynical, and refused to be charmed. His antagonisms were too deep-seated, his civilisation too alien. The extreme Hindu was inflexible, supporting Gandhi's policies only when they did not threaten what he deemed to be vital Hindu interests. With the Untouchables Gandhi had some success because they formed an integral, if caste-externed, section of the Hindu body and needed all the help they could get. Gandhi, passionately in favour of justice for all men, was not here a free agent. He was bound by the chains of his major political commitment and was acutely aware of the hornets' nest he must rouse if he trespassed blunderingly on the immemorial rights of the caste Hindu. So here too, where he was as much patron as postulant, he measured failure.

In brief, brick walls defeated him : would always defeat

him unless they showed signs of crumble, as the British wall did. The Muslim wall swung round as he moved and confronted him with a disconcerting, fissureless face every time. But then the Muslim wall was not that of an unwanted, hesitant ruler, with a weakening case for ruling. Had it been so, then other forces would have been sapping at it, other explosive forces which might well have produced a crumble, even a crack.

Is there, then, no counter to non-violence when it is armed with right and the weight of numbers? There is: but it is not one that is within the reach of any government that claims to be civilised. It is the counter of an unflinching brutality.

If non-violence is to be countered, it must be trampled upon, violently and at its earliest appearance, however innocuous its first seeming. The violence used may then be small; but it must certainly be as great, extending to gross brutality, as is required for decisive effect. The ordinary processes of the law are useless; penalties of fine and imprisonment only encourage and foster the offence. If the law does not permit brutality and, indeed, compel the executive arm of the administration to brutality, then the law must be amended. It is essential that the executive should disperse decisively, and without faltering compassion, any assembly of passive resisters before their early, harmless tens or hundreds swell into their thousands. Morality must be thrust contemptuously aside. Guile is powerless against that which is more guileful. Only brutality, which scares all but the zealot and the fanatic, is of avail. It removes the mass from mass non-violence and reduces non-violence to temporary nullity.

But let there be no misconception. It does not destroy mass non-violence; it merely drives underground a seed which, if not so driven, will emerge either as successful revolution or as the violence of hopelessness. Underground, the seed will split into two, that part of it which truly abhors violence relapsing into quiescence, and that part which has not this patience sprouting rankly and unashamedly into violence. If, in South Africa to-day, imprisonment or fine or a mild caning of youths seems sufficient to keep the distemper within reasonable bounds, the appearance is delusive. The reality is not that the treatment is being effective, but that the resistances of the



body are still strong enough of themselves to hold the distemper in check.

This is not, of course, a plea for or a condonation of brutality. It is an attempt to show, free of delusive wrapping, that civilised government, just because it is civilised, has little defence against this new mood of revolution. A new lever, alternative but complementary to that of violence, is on the market for the enforcement of political morality. Mass non-violence and violence will abhor each other, will deride each other, but they will press shoulder to shoulder against the common adversary to the common end.

That, then, is something of what political non-violence was in India : a mood which abhors violence, yet is aided by the parallel of violence ; which, when it stands on numbers and a right, is more potent than violence. Its passivity is dynamic ; it bows the knee only, and temporarily, to force. How will it fare in the Union ?

It has the numbers : what of its right ? Here, if we are unwise, we plunge at once into a controversial bog, a quagmire of conflicting claims. If the non-white has a right to all that spells equality, has not the white the right to the fruits of his enterprise and the duty to preserve his higher civilisation ? Thus, interminably, will the argument go. It will be wise to avoid this confusion of racial contentions, which in any case leads us nowhere. Let us, instead, stand firmly on the hard, common ground of an undebatable present, and reduce the problem to its present, purely physical quotient. Let us ask : Can the non-white be prevented, by inducement or threat, from reaching, like a plant, for the sun ? If he cannot, and surely he cannot, then his reaction stands, like the plant's, on a physical, irresistible need which to him at least has the force of moral compulsion.

Thus the stage is set for a conflict of physical pressures and resistances. The non-white, in the very nature of things, will strive and strive. He will face the white man with the choice between accommodation and unceasing conflict, and this choice he will present endlessly until the disagreement is resolved. It will help the white man not at all to argue his own definition of right, however cogent this may be. He is in the grip of natural forces. He is the plaything of the evolution of society. He cannot argue

his way out of his difficulty. He must fight, or he must yield, or he must compromise.

If he fights, what are the pressures against him ?

First, there is the surge of nationalism over all continental Africa, expressing itself in a variety of resentful ways. The Union cannot escape the overlap of this emotion. There is sometimes a tendency to ascribe the unease to the machinations of Communism. This is a dangerous folly, as any administrator with experience of subject races will know. The Communist bug does not step in to level privilege until the bug of nationalism has first freed privilege from the foreign overlord.

Secondly, violence is on the prowl in the Union, as in other parts of Africa. Until it can be harnessed to constructive endeavour, it will increase in extent and savagery ; and with appalling consequence. In India, the white man was either an official, in the midst of loyal subordinates, or a merchant, secure in the large cities. Gandhi, moreover, had heavily eradicated violence. The South African, living on his scattered farms, colonist-cum-imperialist, has given hostages to fortune. The wide veldt or, as elsewhere, lifting highlands offer a frightful temptation to terrorism.

Thirdly, in the towns and in general the white man is the economic slave of Native, Coloured, or Indian labour. His economic master will demand a progressively fairer price for his own slavery.

These are some of the pressures on the wall, themselves postulating crumble. Has the wall other weakness ?

The white man is divided, and almost equally divided, within himself. One half of him, deriving from Britain, inherits the amiable talent of concession and with it a hard-headed sense of the inevitable. Left to itself, this half, hoping to yield just as little as it must under cover of promises of more, would find itself driven with the acceleration of a geometrical progression to the concession of the more ; and would adjust itself to the thought of a future which became less abhorrent as it grew more clearly inevitable. It would come to think less and less of its dwindling privileges, and more and more of security and sound policing. It would dislike passive resistance, but it would loathe terrorism, and it would elect, in due course but much sooner than it had hoped, to concede a mile to



the one rather than an inch to the other. In brief, child of Britain, it would behave as Britain always behaves, as Britain behaved in India, preferring to sacrifice a splendid, untenable advantage for a poorer but tenable and malleable alternative. Its wall from the outset would be full of crumble : so full of holes that violence, lacking the necessary resistance, would explode weakly into ineffectiveness. But non-violence, finding an opponent after its own heart, would inexorably press it, ever unwilling, towards a new, multi-racial state.

The other half of him, of sterner stock, scorns the foolish optimism that can conceive of a future in which precedent will be allowed time to broaden slowly into precedent. It realises that concession, once begun, will alter the face of the present with the quick sweep of a landslide. It is, in this sense, more realistic than the other half, but its realism does not extend to the vision of its own weakness. It would trample, if it deemed this necessary, on the manifestations of an early, puny non-violence, and it would stand up against terrorism with all the fierceness of an animal at bay. It would cramp terrorism into the constriction of violent explosion. In the end, when the foundations of its wall had been shaken and the lesson bloodily learned, non-violence would creep into and expand within the cracks.

So division weakens the white man, already weak. He is, and must of his origins remain, without cohesive policy, like a ship with failing engines lifting erratically, without the saving impulse of direction, to the fore-running waves of a storm. There is, of course, a tolerable way out for him, sign-posted by the amenability of his one half and by the realism of his other. Will he take it ? Will he see his position without blinkers and adapt himself to its inescapable compulsions ? Let him put his trust in a generous devolution of authority and privilege and in a steady fostering of Native responsibility under the protective umbrella of firm, humane, and preponderantly Native policing : for it is only through the culture of responsibility that safety can come.

Is the writing on the wall ? It is for the South African to judge : but there are many who will hope that neither passion nor sense of grievance will hood the eyes of his anticipation.

NORMAN SMITH.

## Art. 2.—DIVORCE BY CONSENT.

ON Nov. 11, 1950, Mrs Eirene White presented a bill to the House of Commons dealing with divorce, which contained the following clause: 'Separation, whether voluntary or by Court Order, for not less than seven years shall be considered as ground for divorce on the petition of either party.' There were two conditions attached to the stipulation that such a separation should be accepted as grounds for divorce, first that there should be no reasonable prospect of reconciliation and second that a petitioning husband who was legally obliged to maintain his wife and the children of the marriage, if any, should satisfy the court that he had fulfilled his obligation in that respect during the seven years or that he would make good his default according to the directions of the court. This provision was intended as a protection for deserted wives whose husbands had defaulted in payment of maintenance.

The bill introduced an entirely novel principle in that it looks to the breakdown of the marriage as a grounds for divorce instead of the proof of a matrimonial offence having been committed by one partner against the other. The separation referred to in the clause cited may have been by consent. There was a provision to the effect that the court should not be bound to make a decree where the petitioner was in default in any provision for the maintenance of the wife and any children of the marriage, whether by agreement or deed or by an order of any competent court, until such default had been made good, or the court had dealt with the obligation by some order, or, where there had been no provision for maintenance, until the court was satisfied that the petitioner had made such provision during the seven years as appeared reasonable having regard to the financial circumstances of both parties, their earning capacity and their conduct, or had made good any default to such an extent as satisfied the court. This provision was designed for the object of seeing that a wife who was dependent upon a husband for her own maintenance and that of her child or children should not be prejudiced financially by any such divorce; that all arrears of maintenance should be made good to the extent that the court considered equitable; and that as regards the future the wife and children should not be left stranded.

It was in other words an attempt to put an end once and for all to a marriage that was no longer one except in name but at the same time to see that, so far as means permitted, no wife or children would be left out in the cold.

Mrs White's bill was read for the second time. It was evident that it commanded considerable support. Whether the clause as framed would have opened the door to much wider divorce may be doubtful, but beyond all question it would have put a new principle in operation—the right of the parties to a marriage to have it set aside by agreement and the right of one party who wanted a divorce to obtain a decree, even though the other party might be unwilling or though the petitioning party might have committed what is known as a matrimonial offence. Both the supporters and the opponents of the bill realised the novelty and the seriousness of the principle involved and the supporters agreed to withdraw the bill on the promise of the Government to set up yet another Commission on the perennial subject of marriage and divorce.

In August 1951 the Government announced the setting up of the Royal Commission under the Presidency of Lord Morton of Henryton. The terms of reference put to the Commission were :

'To inquire into the Law of England and the Law of Scotland concerning divorce and other matrimonial causes and into the powers of courts of inferior jurisdiction in matters affecting relations between husband and wife and to consider whether any changes should be made in the law or its administration including the law relating to the property rights of husband and wife both during marriage and after its termination (except by death) having in mind the need to promote and maintain healthy and happy married life and to safeguard the interests and well-being of children and to consider whether any alteration should be made in the law prohibiting marriage with certain relations of kindred or affinity.'

The Royal Commission began its sittings in the late spring of last year, and after the way of such commissions has been taking evidence from various organisations—the Church, the law and social societies, the Marriage Guidance Council, and the like. Judged by the wide terms of reference and the conduct of Royal Commissions generally, the deliberations will continue for many months, if not years, to come and it will be longer still before the report is issued.

The field which it opens is so great that it would be impossible to deal comprehensively with the issues raised. But in the meantime, while the matter is brewing and recommendations are awaited, it may be of interest to look at certain aspects of the law of divorce in England which cannot fail to make an impact upon the ordinary citizen.

In the early life of most middle-aged people it was comparatively rare that one met divorce in the day-to-day contacts of society. There were a few sensational cases belonging to the time when newspapers were still allowed to report such cases in full. Here and there one met with a husband or wife who had been unfortunate in the lottery of marriage and as petitioner or respondent been through the courts. But they were few and far between. We spoke of America with supercilious pity as the home of broken marriages and thanked the gods that we in England were not as other men. Now these days are no more. There is hardly a family that has not been brought face to face with divorce either in its own immediate circle or in the circle of its closest friends. It may be convenient first of all to look at one aspect which will bring this home.

Ever since the passing of the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1937, which enlarged enormously the grounds of divorce, the number of divorces has been steadily growing. The late war, of course, with its compulsory disturbance of matrimonial relationships gave a great fillip to this. In the year 1913 there were 577 divorces, in the year 1947 there were 60,000. This was an accumulation of arrears and in 1948 the numbers fell to some 40,000. But with the institution of Legal Aid there is every prospect that the numbers will rise again. In the year 1951 there were 30,000 'assisted' cases, and there must be thousands outside these. One-fifth of the judges of the High Court are now assigned to the Probate, Admiralty and Matrimonial Division. Divorces are now tried at Assizes and there are in all forty-one courts throughout the country at which decrees may be given. Every day in addition to the High Court judges, there are two Divorce Commissioners sitting who have full powers to grant decrees. Even this is not enough, for a County Court judge often sits in the High Court with the full powers of a High Court Commissioner. The undefended list in any one of these courts may amount to some twenty-five cases a day. With the advent of Legal

Aid divorce is no longer the luxury of the rich ; it is as much the necessity of the poor as the Health and Public Assistance Acts. In the matter of hours alone divorce takes up nearly a third of the judicial time of the High Court and there are days when a stranger wandering through the courts might be pardoned for thinking that whatever other legal business may be slack divorce-court business is always booming and always brisk. The very tea-shops in the Strand cater for the newly divorced, who judging from appearances always seem to have remarkably healthy appetites.

Such is the situation on divorce as it exists to-day in England. It may give cause for alarm among those who see in it a definite tendency to the disruption of English family life, with its consequent effects upon the children of the disrupted marriages. It may on the other hand be regarded as a step towards a more reasoned view of life which keeps pace with a form of society that is based on realism and not on make-believe. The alteration in the economic status of women has placed them in a position of independence in which marriage tends to be regarded, like any other contract, as apt to be dissolved by agreement or capable of being broken if the breaker is willing to pay damages for the breach. It is useless to close one's eyes to the fact that such views are being openly advanced and if a majority, or even an appreciable minority, hold them, it is at least arguable that they should find reflection in the law under which we live—'Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.'

It was put forward by the backers of the new divorce bill that there are probably upwards of 200,000 separated couples living apart in the United Kingdom. In many of these the separation is made by consent, in many others the separation is by court order in the inferior courts. In the latter instance one party must have committed some matrimonial offence which, where that party is the husband, has been adjusted by some sort of economic arrangement which aims at securing support for the wife and any children of which she may have been given the custody. But in all these cases, however you may look at them, the fire of love has been long since extinguished, reconciliation is long since past hoping for, affection and in most cases respect are buried deep without possibility of resurrection. Is there any



reason in society why these people should remain bound by an uneasy tie? Where the separation is mutual there is usually no ground for divorce at all; where the guilty party desires divorce he or she cannot get it unless the other is willing to proceed. Why in the first instance should one party or the other be obliged to commit a matrimonial offence before they can be free, and why in the latter instance should the farcical front of matrimony be kept alive when all that connotes a real marriage is long since dead? Would it not be better to make a real and sound economical arrangement, by which, when the husband is the petitioning party, proper and readily enforceable maintenance where necessary should be secured for the wife and children if they go with her? Would such an arrangement not really be better in the long run than to cry peace where there is no peace and bolster up an artificial status which is nothing but an insult to the true British conception of marriage?

It is hoped that the above is putting the arguments for the change in as fair a light as possible. The arguments on the other side are put with equal force from many quarters. To the writer the most significant of all have been those put forward in the memorandum tabled by the General Council of the Bar. The arguments expressed by the Bar as a whole really represent the opinion of the divorce practitioners, the men who are making their bread-and-butter out of divorce. If any men through the frailty of human nature might be expected to lean towards the side where their interests lie, these might be pardoned for doing so, and that must be borne in mind in examining their case.

But what do we find is the opinion of the divorce practitioners? To a man they are against extending the facilities for quicker, easier, and cheaper divorce. This would undoubtedly flow from the introduction of divorce by consent or the unilateral action of one party against the other who has not been at fault. Here is what they say:

‘To introduce a basis whereby marriage may be dissolved by agreement or at the will of one spouse, would, we believe, strike a disastrous blow to family life. It would basically alter the attitude of mind towards marriage. We believe that among the majority the attitude is still that marriage is permanent, and as we have observed earlier, that attitude is gaining strength.

' Those who are even praying for easier divorce cannot, we think, have observed or appreciated as we have in our practices and in other capacities the cumulative misery, disruption and injury to children of widespread divorce.'

The memorandum from the Bar deals with many currents which have had their effect in swelling the number of customers for divorce and the number that have been successful. Arising from a variety of causes—the wars, the housing shortage, the weakening of religious and parental ties, the economic independence of women—the English people have developed a divorce-mindedness. The attitude of young people at the present day amounts to saying—' We are attracted to each other. We will go round the corner to the registrar's office and then sleep together legally. If it doesn't work out, we can go round the other corner and get a "decree nisi" at no particular cost in a month or so, and in another few weeks we shall be free to do the same thing all over again with a different partner.' There has been a certain reaction against this, an indication that things might be settling down to a more normal standard. But a match might be sufficient to set the powder off again and with the Legal Aid scheme getting into its swing there may be a further flare up. The idea often expressed by the protagonists of divorce by consent, that under the present system collusion and connivance are rife, is not the view of those handling divorce day by day in the courts. By the time both sides have worked themselves up to the pitch of coming ' to court ' it often happens that they are as sick of one another as people can be, and the deserted wife is glad to see the end of the deserter, however much she may have once prayed to have him back. But that is a very different thing from a divorce that is conceived on a basis of bargain and sale. It may be only the terminal phase of a state in which there was once a genuine desire for reconciliation, an affection tendered and thrown back.

' My wind is turned to bitter north  
That was so sweet a south before.'

In the face of this evidence from those who, above all others, are in a position to know, the charge of habitual perjury and collusion in the divorce courts must be dis-



missed. There is much less of it now than there was thirty years ago, in the days when the petitioning wife had to prove a great deal more than mere unfaithfulness on the part of the husband.

One of the subjects referred to the Royal Commission was the powers of courts of inferior jurisdiction in matters affecting relations between husband and wife. Underlying this is the question of whether jurisdiction to grant divorce should be delegated to the County Courts or even to the Magistrates' Courts. This is in fact a corollary of the agitation to make divorce a simpler matter. It is argued that the Magistrates' Courts by virtue of the Summary Jurisdiction Acts are trying cases of separation every day. Outside the metropolitan area this is done by lay magistrates and there is always, where possible, a woman member of the court. The findings of these courts are often made the basis of a subsequent divorce action and the hearing is always accompanied by due solemnity and a regard for judicial precedent. Why cannot these courts, and more so the County Court, be entrusted with the task of making a final decree and thereby save both time and money to the suitors and the public? The answer which may be given to this is simple, but at the same time fundamental. Divorce has hitherto been regarded as something which cuts very deep into the life of the nation, not to be undertaken lightly, not to be tried without the safeguards and solemnities attending the sifting of high crimes and misdemeanours.

There is no such thing as judgment by consent or by default in divorce. Proof is as strict as in a criminal charge and even when there is no defence a *prima facie* case must be shown before the court will give a decree. Until recently even in undefended cases it was the rule to refuse a decree unless the evidence of the petitioner was corroborated in some material particular. Of late this rule has been relaxed to a certain extent and the courts will now accept the uncorroborated evidence of the petitioner more generally. But the court will never give judgment without hearing evidence at all, as it is entitled to do in the ordinary civil action when the defendant does not appear or, having appeared, consents to judgment. This is a tribute paid by the courts to the importance of the whole subject. There must be an actual

trial and such trial must be before a judge of the High Court or a Divorce Commissioner with all the powers of a High Court judge of the Probate and Divorce Division. The respondent must be served with the Petition either by registered post or personally or, with leave of the Registrar, by public advertisement. Service must be effected even when the respondent is resident abroad unless the court agrees to dispense with it, which it will not do unless for very cogent reasons. These are only a few of the instances which go to show how jealously divorce procedure is guarded ; though the bond may have been tied in an obscure registrar's office in some country town by licence after but three days' notice, it cannot be severed except by a most measured process after due pleadings in the shape of a Petition, with evidence given on oath in open court and with all the authority and solemnity of High Court procedure. We have not yet nearly reached the stage at which divorce decrees are handed out. Whereas a murderer who makes full confession is now taken at his word and may be sentenced to death in five minutes on his own statement, no petitioner for divorce can get a decree without proving his case to the satisfaction of a judge, whether the respondent admits the charge or not. Over all there is the brooding sword of a Damocles providing an absolute bar if connivance or collusion or condonation can be shown on either side. So far as the law can make it, divorce is an honest transaction. If ever there were Acts of Parliament designed to keep out the dishonest, they will be found amid the requirements and admonitions of the Divorce Acts. The legislator is always hopeful.

The view that divorce jurisdiction should be confined to the High Court is also that of the Bar, who have adopted the finding of the Royal Commission of 1912. What was said then is equally true to-day :

'The gravity of divorce and other matrimonial cases, affecting as they do the family life, the status of the parties, the interests of their children and the interests of the State in the moral and social well being of its citizens, makes it desirable to provide if possible that even for the poorest person these cases should be determined by the superior courts of the country assisted by the attendance of the Bar, which we regard as of high importance in divorce and matrimonial causes, both in the interest of the partes and in the public interest.'

Enough has now been said on the subject of easier divorce to put the issue before the reader. It is inevitably one of those questions in which one must be a partisan, particularly as it involves questions of religion as well as of economic and social conduct. On the religious side there is not much that the layman can contribute without trespassing into a territory whose hinterland lies in the controversies of the Reformation. Marriage did not become a sacrament of the Church until it was pronounced to be such by decree of the Council of Trent, whose writs had then ceased to run in England. In the '*Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*' a tentative attempt was made to set up divorce within the ambit of the Church of England, but by the intervention of Mary's reign this scheme was dropped never to be revived. The indissolubility of marriage therefore remains the doctrine of the Established Church and little or no inroad has been made upon it. At its highest it is obeyed as a divine command binding upon the loyalty of all churchmen; at its lowest it is recognised as a rule of decent society to which only a minority now conform but which has a silent influence stretching far beyond the ranks of those who profess to be bound by it. It is perhaps better left at that; attempts to reconcile it with the view of life held by those outside its gates are doomed to disappointment and lead nowhere.

Leaving aside the fundamental question of easier divorce, there are certain subjects raised in the terms of reference to the Royal Commission on which it is probable that general agreement can be secured. One of these is the enforcement of orders for maintenance, particularly those made by the Magistrates' Courts. If there is one thing in which modern man has shown more ingenuity than another, it is in the act of dodging the collection of maintenance payments ordered by the court. There is no sacrifice of dignity, no trick of duplicity to which the delinquent husband, that arch-villain of the piece, will not descend in order to avoid paying the wife whose company he has deserted; when the worst comes to the worst he will even go to Wormwood Scrubs rather than do it, rejoicing amid his fetters in the thought that by wiping out arrears he has really got the better of his spouse and by his martyrdom has earned the silent admiration of hundreds of other husbands who would do the same but for the lack of

courage. It is proposed to dim the glory of this last relic of the Fleet prison jurisdiction by making it possible to attach their income at source and hand it to their wives before it has reached the secret pockets in which they hide it. It is a reform long, long overdue.

It will be noted that in the last two lines of the terms of reference put to the Royal Commission the members are asked to consider 'whether any alteration should be made in the law prohibiting marriage with certain relations of kindred or affinity.' The ordinary reader may be somewhat puzzled to know to what specific prohibitions this is directed, but those who have followed debates on the subject in both Houses of Parliament will remember that not long ago the House of Lords considered a provision in the Marriage Act of 1949 which still maintains the bar against marriage with a divorced wife's sister or with a brother's divorced wife during the lifetime of the divorced wife or brother. It is lawful for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, but not to marry the sister of a wife from whom there has been a divorce so long as the wife is alive. There seems to be no particular reason why this bar should be maintained, and it is well known that it sometimes spells hardship. The arguments against it from the point of morality are almost exactly the same as those which depicted such dire results from the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Even the bishops had little to say in favour of the prohibition except that its removal would tend to complicate family life and leave one more door open to the marriage of divorced persons. To most people it is probably an anomaly which lacks justification. The same prohibition hedges about the marriage of a man with his wife's niece. In a large population cases of this sort crop up and the pity of it is that under existing law the children of those irregular unions which may be contracted as a consequence can never be legitimated. It is a visitation of the iniquities of the fathers upon the children which is alien to the more merciful views of modern life.

Then there is the division of property between husband and wife. We all know of certain very 'backward' races in the East who have the rule that after marriage all after-acquired property becomes the joint property of husband and wife, to be divided equally between them in case of

divorce or separation. It worked very well in the East and some people are beginning to think that there is a lesson in it for Western nations. Something like it may very well be worth trying here, and it may even have a reflex action on the rate of separation and divorce.

Lastly there is the question of the children, often pushed into the background and yet the most important of them all. Custody, guardianship, access—how often are the terms bandied about, and how often, long after the divorce is over, do the parties hit back at one another over the bodies of the children, not that they really care for the children's welfare but because it gives them one more opportunity for attack and vilification. The court orders which one sometimes hears made, such for example that Mary aged ten is to live with her father, but on alternative Tuesdays and first Fridays is to visit her mother from 2 to 4 p.m., with minute directions as to how her time is to be parcelled out at Christmas and Easter—this is no exaggeration—would be the most shocking attempts at judicial humour if they were not made with all the seriousness which system and precedent have built up. The whole question of the custody and guardianship requires a new approach. Suggestions are being made that the role of the welfare officer of the court in this respect should be enlarged and reconstituted. It is a subject far more worthy of attention than the mere machinery of divorce itself, and if some real and effective form of guardianship could be established from the very minute that a divorce petition is served, it would be something to allay, if not to defeat, the canker that is eating away the roots of family life to-day.

The above are but a few of the matters in which reform in divorce law and procedure calls to be dealt with. The fact that we may approve or disapprove of divorce itself should not prevent us dealing with them sympathetically. If divorce, as we are all agreed, is an evil in itself, there is no reason why an attempt should not be made to confine its influence within a narrow circle. Like all evils, it grows and fattens up on its own pernicious heritage—if that heritage can be pruned away the evil itself may begin to languish.

J. C. ARNOLD.



Art. 3.—GOVERNORS-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA.

THE appointment of the retiring Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, as Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia in succession to an Australian, Sir William McKell, has recently been announced. Once again this office is held by a Briton, as indeed it has been in all but two cases since the creation of the Commonwealth in 1901. Coinciding as the appointment does with the imminent coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, when discussion of the position of the Crown in the Commonwealth is very much to the fore, it would seem an appropriate moment to examine the status and role of her representative in Australia. What is his position in the constitutional arch? How much real power has he? To what extent do his functions resemble those of the Crown in Great Britain? What kind of background produces the most successful Governor-General? Should he be an Australian or a Briton? Does he play an effective part in strengthening the ties of the Commonwealth community? These are all questions that have intrigued scholars and politicians, journalists and the general public during the half-century of the existence of the office, and some, indeed, have been the subject of acrimonious public controversy. It is the purpose of this article briefly to review these problems.

When the constitutional convention met in 1897 there were some advocates of a Governor-General elected on the same principle as the President of the United States. Fortunately, however, the champions of responsible government were in an overwhelming majority. They argued that the British system of responsible government does not require, and could be easily upset by, an elective principle which would provide for a chief of state a basis of independent popular authority on the strength of which he might choose to defy his elected Ministers and Parliament. Moreover, it is difficult to see how an elected Governor-General could have provided, either formally or substantially, any direct link with the Crown. Yet that link was rendered essential by the peculiar role of the Crown in the Imperial theory of the time.

The powers of the Governor-General as envisaged by the Fathers of the Constitution were, however, far from



nebulous. These, as set out in various sections of the constitution, can be briefly summarised. He represents the Crown in its Australian aspect and is the executive authority of the Commonwealth internally and before the world. He is nominally Commander-in-Chief of the Australian armed forces (a fact that lends interest to the appointment of Sir William Slim). He commissions successive Prime Ministers. He formally appoints the Ministers of State and administers the oath of office. He summons, prorogues, and dissolves Parliament; summons joint sittings of the two Houses; and may grant a double dissolution (simultaneous dissolution of both Houses) in the event of an inter-House deadlock. He recommends to Parliament the appropriation of revenues and moneys. He assents to Bills, and may refer them back to Parliament with suggestions for amendment or reserve them for the Sovereign's pleasure. He appoints judges to the High Court and may remove them upon receipt of addresses from both Houses of Parliament.

At first sight these functions in their relation to the Australian Constitution bear a marked similarity to those exercised by the Sovereign in relation to the British constitution. In fact there are certain significant differences. The first springs from the imperial factor, the constitutional relationship of Australia to Great Britain, and remained the subject of confusion and mild controversy until the Imperial Conferences of 1926 and 1931 clarified the position once and for all. Was he bound in the performance of his functions, to act entirely on the advice of his Australian ministers or did his position as a representative of the Sovereign make him also subject to the advice of H.M. Ministers in the United Kingdom, that is, the United Kingdom Government? This position was complicated further during the first three decades of the Commonwealth by his additional function as the main channel of communication between the British and Australian Governments. The second difference between the Sovereign and the Governor-General still exists. Not only is the Governor-General's term a limited one (usually of about five years), but he can be recalled even within that term by the King on the advice of the Ministers in whose power advice on appointment lies. If a Governor-General forces a dissolution or dismisses his Ministers without their

consent or against their advice and they are subsequently sustained by Parliament or the electorate, the recall of the Governor-General will almost certainly be sought by them and almost as certainly granted by the Sovereign. What may be a personal crisis for the Governor-General in question is, however, unlikely to be a danger to the office he holds. But if the Queen herself in Great Britain made a similar 'error of judgment' she might, in some circumstances at least, place the whole institution of the monarchy in jeopardy, for there is no simple device of 'recall' where an hereditary monarchy is concerned, though abdication might save the Throne. It is worth noting in passing that the only Australian Governor-General ever recalled—the first—was recalled at his own request after a difference with the Commonwealth Government over his annual allowances.

These differences aside, it is clear that the principal issues with which any sovereign or Governor-General has to deal are the dismissal of Ministers and dissolution of Parliament. While in the early years of the Commonwealth the Governor-General was sometimes able to exercise a certain amount of personal discretion in the performance of these functions, three factors have combined to strip away most of his prerogative and discretionary powers in practice almost to vanishing-point. Of these, the first and least important, was the evolution of the party system in the Federal sphere. Second, the action of precedent and convention within Australia itself and in the United Kingdom. And third, the resolution of the Imperial Conferences of 1926 and 1930, together with the adoption by Australia of the Statute of Westminster in 1942.

During the first decade of the Commonwealth, Governors-General three times refused dissolutions requested and advised by their Ministers—in 1904, 1905, and 1909. All three Prime Ministers had just lost the confidence of a majority of the House, which was in any case in an unstable state with three parties competing for office. In the circumstances the Governors-General would seem to have been justified in refusing the dissolutions, at least until they had explored the possibility of a workable arrangement between the two parties in opposition. The exercise of his personal discretion in these cases was, however, an historical accident and did not survive the reduction of the parties in Parliament to two, labour and

non-labour, in 1911. Since then Australian practice seems to have followed more nearly the British pattern, described by Berriedale Keith in these terms: 'The practice in the United Kingdom in this regard is perfectly clear. The Crown expects not lightly to be asked for a dissolution, but it will grant a dissolution when advised by Ministers, without seeking to find an alternative Ministry.'

The period 1914-1920 contained several occasions for particularly careful handling of parliamentary and ministerial crises. The Governor-General during the whole of that period was Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson (afterwards Lord Novar). Fortunately he was well equipped to deal with a situation which required a well-informed and meticulous application of British precedents, having been a Member of Parliament for thirty years (for Ross and Cromarty, and Leith Burghs), private secretary to Lord Rosebery, and a Minister of the Crown. He arrived in the middle of a calculated deadlock provoked by the Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Cook) between the House of Representatives, where he had a precarious majority, and the Senate, where he was in a minority. He requested a dissolution, and the Governor-General, not unnaturally in view of his recent arrival, asked permission to consult the Chief Justice. This Cook readily granted. In the resulting memorandum submitted by the Chief Justice it was suggested that the Governor-General had in fact a certain amount of discretion in the matter. 'Although he cannot act except upon the advice of his Ministers,' the memorandum ran, 'he is not bound to follow their advice, but is in the position of an independent arbiter.' Whether or not the Governor-General had in theory that margin of discretion in 1914, the decision which Munro-Ferguson in fact took, combined with precedents in Britain and Australia since 1914, and the transactions of the Imperial Conferences of 1926 and 1930 and their committees, seems to suggest that any Prime Minister with a majority in the House of Representatives but a minority in the Senate must now receive from the Governor-General approval for a requested double dissolution, even if the measure which is the occasion of the deadlock were unimportant and 'manufactured' to bring the necessary situation about. This view is confirmed by the decision of the Governor-General to grant the present Prime Minister, Mr Menzies,

a double dissolution in 1951. In this case the Labour majority in the Senate sought to evade the issue by referring the disputed bill, designed to reintroduce the Commonwealth Bank Board, to a select committee. Nevertheless, the Governor-General took the view that this came within the meaning of the term 'failed to pass' and granted the request for a dissolution.

Two further dissolution issues arose in 1929 and 1931. In the first Lord Stonehaven, despite the fact that Parliament was in its first year and that the Government had been defeated on the floor of the House, granted a dissolution at the request of the Prime Minister. Again in 1931 Sir Isaac Isaacs, the first Australian to hold the office, accepted the Prime Minister's advice for a dissolution. It is interesting to note, however, that in this latter case Sir Isaac considered the granting of the dissolution as the logical result of the new Imperial constitutional theory. This brings us to a consideration of the third factor operating to reduce the Governor-General's formal discretionary power, the Imperial Conferences of 1926 and 1930.

Two of the matters dealt with at these Conferences are important here. First, it was declared in 1926 that the Governor-General of a Dominion held in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in the Dominion as is held by the Sovereign in Great Britain. By convention, therefore, the Governor-General in his relations with his Ministers must act in accordance with the same rules as the Sovereign recognises in his relations with his Ministers in the United Kingdom. No attempt, however, was made to indicate what these rules were. The second question was the relation of the Governor-General to His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom. This was settled in 1926 by the declaration that the Governor-General was not the representative or agent of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain or any department of that Government; he was the representative of His Majesty alone. In 1930 the matter was taken a step further by a series of declarations to the effect that the Governor-General of a Dominion should be appointed by His Majesty on the advice of His Majesty's Ministers in the Dominion concerned, who tender their formal advice after informal consultation with His Majesty.

These resolutions assisted in reducing the formal discretion of the Governor-General practically to vanishing-point and removed any doubts as to where he should turn for advice. Yet these very resolutions and the others laid down at the same two conferences, together with the Statute of Westminster, by removing all legal ties between Australia and Great Britain and resting their continued association on 'a common allegiance to the Crown,' made the position of the Governor-General, the Crown's representative in Australia, more important than ever before. It became vitally important that the right man be appointed and, having been appointed, that his attitude should be correct and rigidly impartial in the performance of his official, and indeed his unofficial, duties. For any loss of respect which his conduct may occasion reflects directly on the Crown, and hence on the Imperial association.

Public debate on this aspect of the question has tended in practice to centre round the desirability of appointing Australian citizens to the office. It did not become an issue until 1930, when a Labour Prime Minister advised and secured the appointment of Sir Isaac Isaacs, Chief Justice of the High Court. Prior to this an unbroken line of United Kingdom citizens had held the post, appointed as the result of a widely varying degree of consultation between the Australian and United Kingdom Governments. All were peers, with the exception of Munro-Ferguson; practically all had held seats in the Imperial Parliament at some stage of their career and a few Ministerial office; two were primarily soldiers and two had been Australian state governors before being appointed Governor-General. They did their jobs conscientiously and well, but did not inspire enthusiasm. While respected as representatives of the Crown, for which there was a deeply rooted loyalty and devotion, none became an outstanding figure in his own right. Yet supporters of the appointment of Sir Isaac Isaacs did not rest their arguments on this. Nor did they refer to the Balfour Report or to the need to make a gesture of separation. The ground taken was simply that there were Australians fit for the post and that Australia should reserve her richest gifts for her own citizens. Australian public opinion, however, was not very articulate in the matter, nor did it



tend to follow party lines, though the appointment of Australian Governors-General had long been a plank of the Labour party platform. Opponents of the measure, significantly enough in view of the arguments used against the appointment of Mr McKell seventeen years later, did not criticise the appointment of Sir Isaac Isaacs as an individual, but of an Australian as such. And indeed it would have been difficult to do so, for on his record Sir Isaac was the most eminently suitable person ever to hold the office. Coming from a very humble family in Victoria, he worked his way through school (he was teaching in a night school at the age of fourteen), obtained a minor post in the state public service and studied law simultaneously. Admitted as a barrister, he quickly rose to the top of his profession, becoming a Q.C. in 1889. He entered state politics and held ministerial office in successive cabinets, including a period as Acting Premier. Appointed a member of the Victorian delegation to the constitutional convention of 1887-8, he played a prominent part in creating the Australian constitution. As an original member of the Federal parliament he several times held office under the liberal statesman Alfred Deakin, and could, had it suited him, have had the Premiership. Instead he was appointed in 1906 a justice of the High Court. As justice, senior justice, and chief justice successively, for a quarter of a century he played a leading part in interpreting and adapting the Australian constitution. It was difficult to fault these remarkable qualifications and the opponents of the innovation based their arguments on other grounds. Australian and British critics felt, above all, that the appointment had now been brought within the range of party politics and that this may mean that the appointment of the King's personal representative could be an issue in a general election. Many people doubted whether the Australian population was large enough to afford a sufficient succession of men of the right calibre. Many more valued the purely sentimental link of Empire created by men from overseas who in themselves, apart even from their personal popularity or unpopularity, stood as a symbol of the wider community of which Australia was a part. No Australian, however eminent and popular, can do that or be more than the first Australian in the land. Most British newspapers criticised the appointment vigorously and saw the Empire already



collapsing around their ears. 'The Times' concentrated particularly on the method adopted by Mr Scullin in securing the appointment. There had been very little consultation and the King in fact was given no alternative but to agree to the one candidate presented to him (Mr Scullin was reported to have offered the appointment to Sir Isaac before leaving Australia). 'The point... is not what estimate may be made of Sir Isaac's qualifications,' they commented, 'but the maintenance of the sound tradition by which the Governor-General—now more than ever His Majesty's own representative and alter ego—should have the personal acquaintance and confidence of the King.' This was another way of saying, as they hastened to point out, that an Australian citizen could rarely, if ever, be considered for the post. It might be remarked, however, in passing that this also considerably narrowed the range of eligible United Kingdom citizens. 'The Times' felt, in addition, that any Australian with the necessary experience, political and constitutional, must have been at one time actively identified with Australian party politics. Yet this argument, though true, ignores the fact that party affiliations, at least to the members of the parties, know no natural boundaries between countries as similar in outlook and tradition as Britain and Australia.

It was not until March 1947, when the late Mr Chifley announced the appointment of Mr (now Sir) William McKell as Governor-General in succession to the Duke of Gloucester that the matter once more became an issue. The appointment of Sir Isaac Isaacs was criticised because he was an Australian. It is significant of the development of Australian nationalism since that date that most critics of Sir William McKell's appointment expressly disclaimed any opposition to the appointment of an Australian as such. Their criticism, endorsed—according to public opinion polls—by a majority of Australians, was based on Sir William's past as a public man. Twenty years an active member of the New South Wales Labour party, he raised himself from humble origins to membership of the Bar and Premier of his state. His legal career was, however, subordinate to his political career, a fact forcibly brought home by the active part he took in lobbying and voting for his successor as Premier of New South Wales. The fears of 1931 had thus become a reality in 1947.

Again it was argued that the appointment of an active party politician with a political history such as Sir William McKell's may tend seriously to impair the prestige and dignity of the office. If the office requires anything, they said, it requires for its proper performance an incumbent who can be in fact politically neutral, so far as that is given to any man, and who is regarded by the people and the political parties as politically neutral. Equally important, they felt, was an incumbent who, by reason of his services to the community, commands the respect of all sections of the public. All were agreed that at the time of his appointment Sir William did not satisfy these requirements. Nobody put this more forcefully than Mr Menzies, then Leader of the Opposition: 'The Governor-General being the King's direct personal representative,' he said, 'the appointment of somebody who was notoriously not chosen either by, or in effective consultation with, the King, and the appointment of whom by reason of party political considerations is distasteful to a large section of Australian citizens, must inevitably weaken the significance of the Governor Generalship and, therefore, of the Crown it represents.' Moreover, 'the prestige of an office depending on subtle and intangible matters, including a deep emotional response in the hearts of the citizens, would inevitably decline.' Although most of those who opposed the appointment, including Mr Menzies himself, took the attitude, once the appointment was made, that as the King's representative he was entitled to as much respect as was accorded to his predecessors, the fact that certain individuals, including some of the present cabinet, boycotted Government House functions and that one influential weekly paper continues to ridicule him as 'Billy, the Vice-King,' emphasises the point of Mr Menzies' remarks. Although Mr Menzies explicitly stated that he and his party had no objection to the appointment of an Australian as such, it is difficult, in light of his insistent emphasis on the Crown as the link of Empire, in the formal as well as the emotional sense, to conceive circumstances in which he would advise such an appointment. It is worth noting, moreover, that he has taken his own advice to heart. In the appointment of Sir William Slim he has not only chosen a distinguished citizen of the United Kingdom, but one on whom no breath of political partisanship has rested.

A consideration of the arguments brought forward in the controversy surrounding these two appointments is instructive. They bring out, in theory at least, the conception the average thinking Australian has of the office of Governor-General and the qualities most desirable in its incumbent. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and for this we must briefly consider the Governor-General who towers head and shoulders over all others who have held the office. Lord Gowrie was Governor-General from 1936 until 1945, far longer than any of his predecessors. Prior to that he had been Governor of South Australia (from 1928 to 1934), Governor of N.S.W. (in 1935), and in the distant past (1908) military secretary to the Governor-General of the time. His other service had been entirely military, including the winning of the Victoria Cross. From the very beginning his qualities inspired instant trust and affection, first in South Australia and then throughout the whole country. Correct and dignified, he personified the majesty of the Crown, and at the same time got on very well with the man in the street. He was genuinely interested in Australia and its future and was not ashamed to show it. Standing by temperament as well as by his station above the political battle, he won the confidence of all parties, giving wise and cool guidance in difficult times. He was widely known, admired, and respected not only because he was the representative of the Crown but for himself—and in the process he undoubtedly enhanced the position of the Crown itself in the eyes of the average Australian. At a state dinner given for him before leaving Australia, Lord Gowrie laid down the rules that had guided him: 'The Governor-General's duty was, while being alive to Australian interests, to be remote from Australian politics. If occasionally he made his influence felt it ought to be exercised discreetly and in the background. He could advise his advisers; he could warn, encourage, and suggest; but he was bound to defer to his Ministers' advice and loyally to assist their deliberations. Though as individuals Governors-General might be insignificant factors, they were symbols of Imperial unity, and the respect with which they were treated was proof of the Australian loyalty and affection for the Throne and the person of the King.' It is difficult to escape the conclusion, from this example

and these remarks, that Mr Menzies was entirely right. Moreover, at two points at least an Australian cannot make the perfect Governor-General; he cannot be a living reminder of the wider British community of which Australia is a part, nor can he, in all but the most exceptional circumstances, escape identification, if even in the remote past, with the Australian political struggle. That the Governor-General can, in some circumstances, influence the course of events though deprived of all discretionary power is clearly indicated by Lord Gowrie's remarks. And indeed it is common knowledge that not the least of his services behind the scenes was the abatement of the heat of party warfare at a time when it was endangering the Australian war effort. In this alone he performed inestimable services to a country where party differences are notoriously bitter and irreconcilable. The point to note is that Lord Gowrie was able to perform these services not because he was the Governor-General—few of his predecessors could have done it—but because he was a Governor-General who was admired, respected, and above all trusted by all political parties.

A. J. DE B. FORBES.

## Art. 4.—THE REVISION OF MARXISM.

THE revision of Marxism by people who call themselves Marxists is one of the most interesting developments of the last thirty-five years. Marx himself considered that successful practice depends entirely on correct theory. Theory and practice were inseparable to him. He had little patience with those who debated theories of the universe and left it unchanged. 'The philosophers have only interpreted the world,' he wrote as a young man; 'the point, however, is to change it.' Yet this could only be achieved by first discovering the correct theory, and he was constantly at odds with those Socialists who sought short-term advantages at the expense of theory. His quarrels with Proudhon, Lassalle, Bakunin, and the other leaders of the international working-class movement were always on questions of theory, and his most vigorous books were those in which he set out to refute the false theories of other people. Human oppression did not usually arouse in him a feeling of pity: it merely illustrated the correctness of his theories. 'If I speak of individuals, it is only in so far as they are personifications of economic categories'—so he wrote in the Preface to the first edition of 'Capital.'

Although it is not the case that Marx propounded a coherent and systematic theory of human society, he made certain dogmatic assertions for some of which he provided evidence or explanation. These assertions together form a recognisable body of doctrine which we may call Marxism. It is this body of doctrine which has been undergoing a process of evolution and corruption which is all the more remarkable because the original doctrine was for long considered to be sacrosanct and unchanging.

Throughout his life, Marx was convinced of the imminence of revolution in the West. England, Germany, France, and the United States are referred to in the Communist Manifesto as countries where revolution was supposed to be imminent, but there is no mention of Russia or China.

It is sometimes suggested that Marx's intense dislike of Russia accounts for his failure to discern the signs of impending revolution in that country. 'Marx was anti-Russian to the highest degree,' wrote H. M. Hyndman,



an English disciple of Marx. He disliked almost all the Russians he ever met and he found it difficult to mention Russia or Russians without being sarcastic or offensive or both. The Russians, he wrote, were a primitive people who attacked Western civilisation to palliate their own barbarism. Panslavism was 'a vast political menace'; the Russian Empire was 'a terrible reality.' His anti-Russian bias is obvious in the articles on the Crimean War which he contributed to the 'New York Tribune' between 1853 and 1856, and in even more startling fashion in two books ('The Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century' and 'The Story of the Life of Lord Palmerston') which he wrote about the same time and which were edited and published by his daughter Eleanor after his death. But these facts alone are not sufficient to account for Marx's conviction that revolution would be long delayed in Russia. With all his faults, Marx did not allow his personal likes and dislikes to obscure his understanding of those economic factors which he believed alone indicate how near or how far a country is from revolution. During his lifetime and for thirty years after his death, it was generally believed in Communist circles that revolution becomes inevitable once a certain stage has been reached in the development of economic forces. Marx himself thought that the process was most advanced in England, and that consequently England was nearer to revolution than any other country. 'England alone can serve as the lever of a serious economic revolution,' he wrote to his friend Ludwig Kugelmann in 1870. 'It is the only country where there are no more peasants and where property in land is concentrated in a few hands. It is the only country where the capitalist form—that is to say, combined labour on a large scale under capitalist employers—has invaded practically the whole of production. It is the only country where the great majority of the population consists of wage-labourers. It is the only country where the class struggle and the organisation of the working-class through trade unions has acquired a certain degree of maturity. . . .'

The great debate in Russia throughout Marx's adult life was whether Russia would follow a Western path or develop her own Slav institutions. The Marxists were Westernisers because they believed that revolution could not take place until industrial capitalism had developed



sufficiently to bring into existence antagonistic economic classes.

The economic conditions which Marx and Engels believed to be necessary for revolution had not existed in Russia in 1847-48, when they were writing the 'Communist Manifesto,' and they did not exist seventy years later when the Russian Revolution actually took place. But though the Bolshevik Revolution occurred several generations too soon, when it came it followed in certain important respects the classic pattern which Marx had outlined as early as 1850. It took place in two stages. Its first stage was effected by the temporary alliance of the working-class with a section of the bourgeoisie. As soon as this stage was successfully completed, the working-class turned against their former allies in order to establish the proletarian dictatorship.

The events of 1917 in Russia showed that Marx had been wrong in thinking that economic conditions alone determine the moment when revolution occurs. The success of the Russian Revolution, as Stalin emphasises in his Preface to 'On the Road to October,' was largely due to the existence of a disciplined and experienced Bolshevik Party. The devotion and loyalty of a handful of determined men advance the revolutionary cause more effectively than a libraryful of theoretical volumes.

The success of the Russian Revolution in 1917 necessitated a revision or re-interpretation of Marxist theory, and this process of revising Marx has been continued by the Bolshevik leaders. The process could be illustrated in many ways, but perhaps most vividly by the discarding by the Bolsheviks of Marx's theory of the State.

Marx considered that the officials who administer a bourgeois State form 'a force organised for social enslavement,' 'an engine of class despotism,' 'the organised power of one class for oppressing another,' 'the executive committee of the bourgeoisie.' The purpose of a proletarian revolution, wrote Marx, is not to capture the State bureaucratic machine but to smash it. Engels tells us that as early as 1845 Marx had come to the conclusion that one of the results of the proletarian revolution would be the gradual dissolution, or withering away, of the State.

In actual practice, no such consequence has so far followed the Russian Revolution. In Russia, as elsewhere,

there has been an enormous increase in the size and power of the State bureaucracy since 1917, though this bureaucracy is not controlled by any democratic procedure, as is the case in the free world.

Stalin has been at pains to explain this contradiction between Marxist theory and Bolshevik practice. 'We stand for the withering away of the State,' he told the Sixteenth Congress of the Bolshevik Party in 1930. 'At the same time we stand for the strengthening of the proletarian dictatorship, which is the mightiest and strongest State power that has ever existed. The highest development of the State power with the object of preparing the conditions for the withering away of State power—such is the Marxist formula. Is this "contradictory"? Yes, it is "contradictory." But this is the contradiction in life, and it fully reflects Marxism.'

Four years later, at the Seventeenth Party Congress, Stalin again discussed this question. 'Confusion' and 'unhealthy sentiments' had arisen because certain party members had urged a relaxation of the dictatorship of the proletariat and had suggested that the State should be got rid of since it was fated to die in any case. Stalin did not trouble to refute this view, merely ascribing it to 'Right deviationists . . . anti-Leninist groups.'

In 1939, at the Eighteenth Party Congress, Stalin again explained his attitude, this time at considerable length. His justification was rather like that of a defendant in a court of law who says: 'I didn't do it; and even if I did I was fully justified.'

Marx and Engels, he said, had not foreseen the position in which the Soviet Union found itself. The Soviet Union was encircled by capitalists, preyed upon by bourgeois spies, assassins and wreckers, and disturbed by Trotskyite conspiratorial activities. How could the State wither away in such circumstances? In any event, stated Stalin, the classic formulation of the theory of the State by Engels was not applicable while Socialism was victorious in only one country. 'Engels proceeds from the assumption that Socialism has already been victorious in all countries, or in a majority of countries, more or less simultaneously.'

At the nineteenth Congress in October 1952 the Report of the Central Committee of the Party was not given by Stalin but by G. M. Malenkov.

'The enemies and vulgarisers of Marxism preached the theory, most harmful to our cause, that the Soviet state will wither and die away even though the capitalist encirclement continues. The Party shattered this putrid theory and cast it aside. It advanced and substantiated the proposition that while the socialist revolution has triumphed in one country and capitalism still rules in the majority of countries, the land of the victorious revolution must not weaken, but strengthen the state to the utmost, that the state will remain even under communism, if the capitalist encirclement remains. We would not have achieved the success in peaceful reconstruction that we are so proud of now had we permitted the weakening of our state. Had we not strengthened our state, our army, our penal and security agencies, we would have found ourselves unarmed in the face of our enemies and confronted with the danger of military defeat. Our Party was able to transform the Land of the Soviets into an impregnable fortress of socialism because it strengthened the socialist state to the utmost, and it is continuing to strengthen it.'

However the issue may be presented at Party Congresses, the fact is that from a strict Marxist point of view Lenin and Stalin have been guilty of 'deviation' and 'opportunism.' Marx and Engels did not proceed from the assumption that Socialism would be victorious in all, or a majority of, countries simultaneously. Such an assumption would have struck them as absurd.

What Lenin and Stalin began in Russia, Mao Tse-tung has continued in China. The Chinese Communist Party, during the first ten years of its existence, was torn by internal faction and dissension about what were in theory the correct Marxist tactics for the Chinese situation at that time. A succession of leaders, striving to keep within the changing Kremlin-Comintern line, failed to make any headway in practice. The emergence of Mao as leader of the party was due to his success as a tactician rather than as a theoretician.

While the Chinese Communist leaders had debated Marxist theory in Shanghai, Mao was busy establishing a Communist Government in Kiangsi. Mao succeeded because certain practical conditions were fulfilled. The first was the existence of a highly disciplined party organised on Leninist lines, supported by a trained guerrilla army. The second was the existence of what he called 'a strong mass base'—a discontented peasantry. And the

third condition was the existence of a strategic and self-supporting territorial formation.

The significant thing about Mao's three conditions for a successful Communist revolution is that, though they seem obvious enough, they are not derived from Marxist theory. The highly disciplined party and guerrilla army were borrowed by Mao from Lenin's experience in Russia.

Mao's exploitation of peasant grievances, while successful in practice, created difficult theoretical problems. The essence of the Marxist theory of revolution is that the leading part in the revolutionary process is played by a class-conscious urban proletariat. Marx described the proletariat as the 'most daring and most energetic part of the population,' 'the only decidedly revolutionary class.' The peasant class was particularly reactionary and unreliable. Mao had, therefore, to pay lip-service to the proletariat while at the same time directing the major attention of his party to the peasantry; this he did with considerable dexterity. 'The peasants,' he writes in 'On Coalition Government,' 'are the potential reinforcements of China's army of workers. . . . The peasants are the source of our armies. . . . The peasants are the main foundation on which China's democracy rests.' Having described the factual position, Mao now pays his verbal tribute to Marxist orthodoxy. 'I said "main foundation," because I would not ignore . . . the working class, politically the most conscious of all classes of the Chinese people and the qualified leader of all democratic movements.'

Mao's third condition was his own great contribution to Communist practice, and one that has undoubtedly influenced Communist world strategy. What Mao did in the Chinese Soviet areas, the men in the Kremlin have done on a larger scale. Discarding the doctrine of Marx that revolution depends solely on economic conditions and can break out simultaneously in widely separated places, Mao stimulated and then consolidated revolution in a self-contained, self-supporting area. He then moved his political and military forces to the border areas, gradually extending the line of his base till finally all mainland China was absorbed.

This practice has since been followed by the Communist leaders in the larger world. Instead of preparing

for Communist revolution in countries like France, which are theoretically suitable and which have strong Communist parties, the leaders of world Communism have increased Communist control by extending their own frontiers. The Baltic States, Poland, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Mongolia, North Korea—these are the countries which have come within the Communist orbit.

A Communist State was not established in Yugoslavia under the protection of the Russian Army, as in the East European satellites: it was, rather, a consequence of a spontaneous revolutionary impulse. This, it is clear, is what the Kremlin desires least. A spontaneous revolution throws up local leaders of courage and independence who cannot be controlled from Moscow. The letters from the Russian Communist Party to the Yugoslav Communists in 1948 refer repeatedly to allegations of independence and arrogance on the part of the Yugoslav Communist leaders. 'We feel that underlying the unwillingness of the Politbureau of the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party honourably to admit their errors and to correct them is the unbounded arrogance of the Yugoslav leaders. Their heads were turned by the successes achieved.' 'They refuse to answer the direct questions of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, and aggravate their mistakes by their stubborn unwillingness to admit and correct them.' 'The Yugoslav leaders . . . are still intoxicated with their successes, which are not very great.'

These accusations of arrogance, so arrogantly phrased, at first greatly pained and puzzled Tito and the other Yugoslav leaders. 'In answering your letter . . .' wrote Tito and Kardelj to Stalin and Molotov, 'we must first of all emphasise that we were terribly surprised by its tone.'

The quarrel between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union began like any normal quarrel between two sovereign States. The Russians complained of difficulties in securing information about conditions in Yugoslavia; alleged that their spies in Yugoslavia were being spied on; and asserted that a whispering campaign against the Soviet Union was being fostered by Tito and his henchmen. But after a few months the dispute took a different turn, the Russians accusing the Yugoslav Communist leaders of various kinds of 'deviationism.' Tito indignantly denied that he was a heretic, though he did not at this stage charge his accusers



with counter-heresy. Yet there is no doubt that the Russian allegations of un-Marxist conduct by Tito were largely true, though of course Tito could have replied (and did indeed do so later) that the Bolsheviks themselves were the arch-heretics.

The main Russian charge of deviationism was that 'while Marxism-Leninism starts by recognising the leading role of the working-class in the process of liquidating capitalism and developing a socialist society, the leaders of the Yugoslav Communist Party have an entirely different theory.' The Russians then quote a speech in which Tito described the peasants as 'the strongest pillar of our State.' The Russians continue: 'This attitude is in complete contradiction to Marxism-Leninism...[and] expresses opinions which are natural to petty-bourgeois politicians.'

Now whatever the theory of Marxism-Leninism, the fact is that the Bolsheviks in Russia and to an even greater extent Mao in China treated the peasantry as the strongest pillar in the State, certainly to begin with. The significance of the first revolutionary Soviets was that they represented not only the industrial workers, but also the army, which was drawn almost entirely from the peasantry. Any other policy would have been doomed to failure. In neither Russia nor China was there a substantial urban proletariat which could act as a revolutionary spearhead. Tito in Yugoslavia had merely continued the process of developing Marxism which was begun by Lenin and Stalin and continued by Mao.

The Yugoslav leaders do not, of course, admit that they are heretics. Tito claims to be the Luther of Marxism, stripping its debased form of its heretical accretions and restoring its pristine purity. Milovan Djilas, the Yugoslav theoretician, in an election speech to Belgrade students in 1950, claimed that the Yugoslav Revolution was not a blind imitation of other revolutions but a pioneering undertaking of world significance. 'Our Revolution, although new in form... has broken out of its national boundaries... and become a phenomenon of international significance.' The Yugoslav Communist Party had 'become a critic of the dogmatic and static situation in socialist theory.' 'Our Revolution... points out the way to other people.' 'Eventually history will be able to judge in its

entirety the significance of the bold and hitherto unknown undertaking of a small and relatively undeveloped country.'

The dilemma of the modern disciples of Marx arises in part from the fact that an absolute validity and authority had been claimed for Marxist theory. Once it was found that Marx's theory was incorrect in a number of important particulars, was there any certainty that it was not incorrect in other, perhaps in all, particulars? It is all very well for Stalin to point out that Marx and Engels could not have foreseen the circumstances of the twentieth century, and then to propound his own revision of Marx. But what if every Tom, Dick, and Harry were to do the same? How could a limit be set to the process of bringing Marx up to date?

The world leaders of Communism could conceivably have decided to set no such limit. Marxism might, like Christianity, have had its myriad sects, its rival interpretations. But though Christianity may be enriched by the variety of its approaches to truth, a secular creed like Marxism can only be weakened by schism. The leaders of the Comintern and the Cominform have permitted no challenge to their own version of Marx. Heresy, as always, is a greater crime than unbelief. The ex-Nazi is courted and flattered, but a Trotsky or a Zinoviev is purged. The Soviet and Satellite newspapers reserve their most abusive denunciation for 'renegades' like Tito. The Resolution establishing the Cominform, while attacking Anglo-American imperialism in general terms, selects for special censure the leading European Social-Democrats—Attlee, Bevin, Blum, Ramadier, Schumacher, Renner, Schaerf, and Saragat.

It is from the clash of ideas that truth emerges. Bolshevism, by refusing to tolerate rival ideas, has condemned itself to sterility and stagnation. In Bolshevik society there can be only one science of genetics, only one theory of linguistics, only one way of composing music or writing a novel. Such a system contains the seeds of its own decay. No wonder Karl Marx, in his last years, used to tell Engels that he himself was no longer a Marxist.

SYDNEY D. BAILEY.

Art. 5.—THE SECOND LORD ASHBOURNE: HINTS  
TOWARDS A BIOGRAPHY.

REMEMBRANCE is due to the picturesque figure of William, second Lord Ashbourne, who, as the Hon. William Gibson, was well known as a pioneer convert to Celtic causes. His father was a Conservative Lord Chancellor of Ireland, whose Nationalism the son adopted in the linguistic rather than political field. He took the Gaelic name of *Mac Giolla Brigde* (Son of the Servant of Bridget), which was minutely devolved from his family name Gi—B—Son. Born in Dublin in 1868, he died in France during the German occupation.

His father was included in anti-Home Rule Governments between 1885 and 1905 with a seat in the Cabinet. By marriage with a daughter of Henry Cope Colles he had a remarkable family, of whom one tried to extinguish the life of Mussolini and another to revive the soul of Ireland. Neither was in accord with family traditions. William, after studying at Trinity College, Dublin (which his father had represented in Parliament), set out like Thomas Moore's hero: an Irish gentleman on his travels in search of a religion. At Merton College, Oxford, he began writing, with the sad scepticism of youth, on 'the Religion of the Unknowable.' He venerated Herbert Spencer as one of the few 'who have sacrificed all in the cause of Truth.' He was led to Positivism and thence by one leap to Catholicism—from Auguste Comte's worship of Humanity to a religion in which God took upon Himself Humanity.

He had had an amusing discussion with Cardinal Manning as he insisted it was impossible to prove the divine existence in the mediæval scholastic manner. The Cardinal remarked: 'Now, Mr Gibson, I will undertake to prove to you by argument foursquare the existence of God, but first you must give me my premises. Do you admit that you yourself exist?'

After hesitation Gibson answered: 'Not in any sense that would be of controversial advantage to your Eminence!'

The Cardinal was much amused and two years later, after Gibson's conversion to Rome, he summoned him and queried: 'Well, do you exist yet?' In his new phase Gibson clung to Comte's phrase: 'Man becomes more and more religious.'

Gibson's wonderful facility in acquiring languages pointed to a life and career in the Foreign Office. He could acquire any language by studying the Holy Scriptures in that language. He turned for choice from modern speech to the half-lost dialects of the Celt. He quickly mastered Irish, Welsh, and Breton and naturally found himself a leader in the Gaelic revival which was pulsating through the moribund heart of Irish Nationalism. Eventually he succeeded his friend Douglas Hyde as President of the Gaelic League and years later seemed on the point of succeeding him in the Presidency of Ireland. Himself a champion of the lost cause, he became to his friends a lost cause himself. A certain indecisiveness in public action marked his character, while the fact that he largely lived abroad lost him to the sight of his fellow-countrymen. But there was no losing sight of him on his visits to Ireland, for at *Feis* and *Oireachtas* he was the first to flaunt the bright saffron kilts which have since been adopted as an Irish national dress.

Therein he made a picturesque mark in Irish social history. For him the saffron was the colour which Irish chieftains assumed when they went into rebellion. He claimed that the Irish saffron kilt was the original *philabeg* out of which Scottish clans and tailors have evolved their multi-coloured tartans. He found reference to the kilt in the 'Triads of Ireland':

'The three lawful handbreadths: A handbreadth between shoes and hose: between ear and hair: between the fringe of the tunic and the knee.'

Later he wore a green variety, or what is called the hunting kilt, the colour of which gave him less trouble in explaining his nationality to fellow-travellers at home or abroad.

He was not a sportsman, but became an expert tobogganer, but this came from his love of mountain heights and glaciers and the splendour of the snows. He despised trousers, trews, and what he designated as 'The Tubular System.' To please his father he wore trousers on two occasions: when he married and when he appeared with his wife at Court. In return for this courteous condescension towards a Saxon king, Lord Ashbourne forgave his son his change of religion.

Though the saffron kilt was not adopted in Ireland save by a sprinkling of Southern gentry, it was made the dress of the pipers of the Irish Guards : and has since become a feature of Irish pageantry all over the world. It had the certain effect of abolishing the costume of the Stage Irishman.

The first Lord Ashbourne was much puzzled by the vagaries of his brood and suggested with some Irish wit that they were illegitimate on both sides ! It was at Harrow that William Gibson, following in the steps of William Smith O'Brien, learnt the perilous attractions of Irish Nationalism.

His father further suggested after his conversion that he should prove his steel by writing a worthy book. This the young Gibson proceeded to do, but in a manner that proved startling to his new Church. He was a rebel at heart and to him the heretic was always more sympathetic than the orderly in politics or the orthodox in belief. His first literary output was devoted to the brilliant but apostate Lamennais and Gregoire, the priest who tried to Christianise the French Revolution by taking the Oath and becoming Bishop of Blois. Gibson loved the losers in the clerical world and was destined to become the correspondent and champion of all the leading Modernists when their heresy convulsed the saintly Pope Pius X. That pope was said to have been killed by the outbreak of war in 1914. It was more likely the Modernists who had worn him down with anxiety and fear that the Church was crumbling under him.

Gibson's part in Modernism has never been revealed, but as a layman, like Wilfrid Ward, he avoided the pitfalls which caught priests like Father Tyrrell, who egged others on, whereas Gibson was always moderate and reverent. In 1896 he published his work on Lamennais and Liberal Catholicism. Lamennais died excommunicated, whereas Gregoire, his other hero, managed to receive Extreme Unction in spite of the Archbishop of Paris. Gibson was fascinated by the Celtic melancholy of Lamennais, proceeding like a cloud out of his ruthless cynicism. It was much the same with his Modernist friends. It was touch and go whether they died excommunicated or cheated their own logic and angry opponents by getting back before death by the back door. It was Lamennais who inspired



Gibson's pen, especially when his '*Paroles d'un Croyant*,' hurling themselves against the Princes and Principalities of Christendom, were cast back by fresh Papal invective. There was no going back for Lamennais, since Pope Gregory found his book 'immense in wickedness.' It was wittily described as the French Revolution going to its Easter Communion. Gibson made utmost efforts to explain his defects as well as his genius. No doubt the Europe of legitimate rulers would have been convulsed had the Pope accepted Lamennais' '*Avenir*,' just as French Monarchism would have enjoyed a new lease if Pius XI had accepted Charles Maurras' '*Action Française*.' Like Maurras, Lamennais found his way to a prison cell, whence he delivered a bitterness and despair that Wilde or Swift could not have equalled. It could only be said for Lamennais that Comte had not cast him off, though, when they met, Comte recognised that 'his esteemed adversary had become a sort of shameful ally.' The scene became poignant to Gibson, who had wished to be the ally of both.

Gregoire is even less known to English readers than Lamennais. Research in writing this book ('*Gregoire and the French Revolution* ') gave Gibson an ardent sympathy with all priests who suffer for Liberalism in doctrine or politics. It became his ambition to carry their stormy Liberalism of the past into the placid waters which lapped the Rock of Peter in the new century.

Gregoire was one of those who trod the tight-rope. A declared Revolutionary, he believed his refusal to apostatise would secure his execution. He played with regicide. He approved the king's guilt, but not the guillotine. He used his position to save men of science and letters, to say nothing of monuments. He largely effected the abolition of slavery in French colonies. Wilberforce and his friends were following in Gregoire's steps, yet what English school-boy or professor or humanitarian has ever heard of him? Gibson's book was not appreciated in England, but translated into French won him immediately the name of an authority on the subject.

In writing of Lamennais he expressed opinions which had been challenged by Catholic authority. As they were his personal views he made sufficient retraction in a public lecture. With Gregoire he trod warily, using only quotations without praise or opinions. This left readers free to

make theirs and is a recognised means of baffling the Index of Forbidden Books.

He worked with a few men of his culture in a slum quarter of London and wrote at Eastbourne, swimming in the sea all the year round, while turning in his mind as incessantly as the tides the conflicts of Church and State. He was naturally drawn to the greatest of Gallicans, Bossuet, whose eminence was marked by the lack of Eminence in his ecclesiastical rank. There are always a few too great for the Hat. Like Hilaire Belloc, he never lost his flair for the French Revolution. Typical of himself he kept Robespierre on his mantelpiece—but why? Robespierre the sea-green incorruptible appealed to the Irish Nationalist because he alone of the Revolutionaries never touched British funds!

His affection for France was increased by marrying a lady from an old Huguenot family, who had been on the point of joining the Salvation Army. They settled at Moorhurst in Surrey, receiving the visits of Irish working girls as well as the leading Modernists and all who aimed at Liberalising Rome. In spite of his addiction for heretical thinking, he always paid his deep homage to the popes from Leo XIII onward. On one momentous occasion Leo endeavoured to continue the conversation, but the Chamberlains, fearing the excitement caused to the ancient pope, pushed the pilgrim away. His travels in Italy necessarily ceased after his sister, the Hon. Violet Gibson, attempted to turn history by firing at Mussolini. It was unsuccessful—one does not know whether to add unfortunately or not.

Life at Moorhurst was devoted to high and perilous philosophy. The Gibsons entertained such priests as Angelo de Bary, Alfred Fawkes, Abbé Klein, Basil Maturin, George Tyrrell, of whom three were eventually lost to the Church. Amongst the laity Lord St Cyres arrived to discuss Pascal. Belloc and Chesterton made uproarious entertainment, together with Hartwell Grissell, the great authority on Relics, and James Britten, the apostolic botanist, who distinguished 'between the Celtic and the Kiltic movement.' Among political rebels strode Wilfrid Blunt and Roger Casement.

Few of these names catch notice to-day, but for the time Moorhurst presented the nearest to a French *salon* in England.

The Chapel was bound to reflect the founder's original mind. Savonarola and Dante appeared behind the altar, as well as the pictures of various friends bowing towards the altar. 'I hear,' said Bishop Amigo, 'that Loisy is in your Chapel.' 'Yes, my lord; and it is not strange that, try as I would, I could not get him to look towards the altar. He would turn his back.' The bishop answered with his well-known twinkle. He even sanctioned an astonishing Litany of the Saints which included Russian and Irish names. St George was the only English connection, and he figured as an Asiatic Martyr.

But Loisy and Tyrrell were the two priests who lifted Modernism on their pens and drew furious issue with Pius X. The Moorhurst archives contained large piles of their letters. The history of Modernism, if ever written, could not be complete without Gibson's private papers.

For all in trouble with Church or the Irish Government Gibson kept open house. Devoid of pride or malice, his safety lay in his lack of metaphysics. Like von Hügel, he was wrapt in a simplicity of soul which saved him from the quagmire which swallowed the fine intellects of Loisy and Tyrrell and all indignant Modernists who hoped that the walls of Ultramontanism would dissolve under their embittered clamour. It was the lost cause and the lost leaders who appealed to Gibson. To the end he treasured Tyrrell's letters, written in the same glacial acid that Newman used when he wrote privately at the Vatican Council.

One of the first Catholic thinkers who attracted him was St George Mivart, Darwin's most formidable critic, for the Darwinians blackballed him at the Athenæum (see Acton's letters) and Mrs Darwin complained that Mivart kept the great man awake thinking of answers.

Mivart joined the Gibson salon and was writing in 1898, 'You say our reunions *chez vous* are to be exclusively male. To regard me as a misogynist would be to make a great mistake. I would much rather have listened to Hypatia than to any of her fanatical opponents.'

Before Mivart's effigy could appear on the Moorhurst reredos he was in trouble, as he had written on the insoluble subject of 'Happiness in Hell.' Good intentions offered no path out and he was excommunicated, to the delight of the Darwinians, who offered him a banquet. On the

date fixed somewhat dramatically Mivart died and sought happiness elsewhere. But his Catholic friends had the last word, for they persuaded the dying Cardinal Vaughan that he had been suffering from a mental disease. Accordingly Mivart's body was translated and his soul fortified by the Rites of the Church posthumously.

Mivart had been in touch with Gibson over the temporary heresy called 'Americanism' which helped to lose Archbishop Ireland his Hat. Ireland was a picturesque visitor at Moorhurst, who later stood out as France's great champion in America's neutral days. Mivart was writing (April 19, 1899):

'I hear you are back from Rome and can tell us much about "Americanismus." I am now a pallid skeleton. Thank the gods I can still think and scribble a little. Are they going mad at Rome with their present reactionary fever?'

(May 4, 1899.) 'I am much obliged to you for sending me your proof. It is very cleverly written so dexterously so, that I should think it will escape the Index and also that there will be men so dense as not to apprehend your real drift.'

Tyrrell was not so fortunate as Mivart posthumously to excommunication, though Cardinal Bourne had refused to take steps against him on account of the irritating malady from which he suffered.

Gibson, despairing of Theology, turned to Philology. To his orthodox friends it seemed a happy move when he exchanged the fallacies of Modernism for the Serbonian Bog of Celtology. He was a pioneer and soon became a leader in Irish Nationalism. He had already announced a 'sartorial resurrection.' He had rejected trousers as the 'Tubular System' of clothing. What was the dress of the Gauls battling against the Romans? What was the dress of the mediæval Irish resisting Plantagenet and Tudor?

In France he devised a Gaulish dress which should have appealed to the hero-worshippers of Vercingetorix. Unfortunately it did not appear to the police to be a sufficient covering for Gallic gentlemen walking in public. But with the kilt he was on surer ground. Saffron had always been the Irish colour. There was the tradition of Gaelic Scotland behind him and the tartan kilts carried by the Scots through the world. In the mediæval records Scottish Bishops forbade Mass to be said bare-kneed

(*nudis cruribus*). Ancient Irish tombs showed kilted warriors in relief. In Dublin he received an ovation, in England astonishment. From Moorhurst he flew the Harp upon a green background. He would lift a warning hand and say: 'Wherever there is an Irishman, there England has an enemy.' But Englishmen did not reckon him an enemy. When he succeeded to his father's peerage he was congratulated on his maiden speech by no less than Lord Curzon.

There had been some nervousness at his threatened appearance in a kilt. Their lordships had had to resolve that a Lord Teynham 'be no longer heard' during his maiden, while the second Lord Emly's maiden had been so bloodthirsty that it had to be erased from the record.

When Lloyd George declared that Ireland was not a nation in the sense of Wales because she had no language, the new Lord Ashbourne felt the moment had come to utter Gaelic words in the Upper House. There were cries of protest, but having proved that Irish was alive he resumed in English and explained the Irish situation. He was certain that Lord Curzon had not been correct in describing a plot. To so courteous a speech Curzon replied by letter (June 30, 1918):

'I was extremely sorry not to be in the House when you made what I heard was an exceedingly interesting and able maiden speech with an interlude which I am afraid I should have failed to understand. I knew your father so well and long that I may be pardoned a genuine pride and pleasure in the spectacle of his son following a pathway of similar distinction.'

This was gratifying but unexpected. The new Peer had no intention of carving himself a career. His character partook far more of the old Celtic saints than of the modern Irish politicians. He showed a Franciscan approach to wild animals and all the flora and fauna of rocks and bogs. His favourite flowers were Alpine, and he grew the edelweiss in his rockery.

With Nature he was in communion, as the animals showed during his long walks. He strolled about with a squirrel on his shoulder, like Queen Maeve of Connaught. Once he announced he had purchased a ravishing little bear, which was accepted in the family under the name of 'Hegel.'



He cultivated even smaller friends from the insect world, or crayfish and tortoises, one of which, no bigger than his palm, travelled with him everywhere in a small bag. Once Father Tyrrell watched him aerating water with a syringe for the benefit of the crayfish. Tyrrell was trying to induce him to return to the attack on the Roman Congregations. The Jesuit's impassioned appeal met silence. At last Tyrrell remarked: 'Well, it was the geese but now it is the crayfish who have saved Rome!'

Those who try to chew the Pope generally die of indigestion. Tyrrell was dyspeptic in mind as well as body, but few converts except Newman and Knox could wield that quick satiric touch. Gibson was fascinated by the Irish genius working in the English dough. His collection of Tyrrell's letters (unpublished) must be the most brilliant and biting in all the letter-press of invective. His mind swung like a pendulum.

(June 7, 1899.) 'If I had a free pen, which of course I have not, seeing that so many are compromised by what I write, I should often be disposed to put forward the extremest possible views now on one side and now on the other, knowing that truth sifts itself if only we shake the sieve vigorously enough. . . . Church officials represent the majority which follows as opposed to the minority which leads or pioneers. It is not every eye that can detect the new moon in the arms of the old.'

(May 4, 1899.) 'As a Jesuit I feel keenly the contrast between our present corporate attitude and that which it seems to me our *first* principles bind us to. How from being the most elastic of bodies we have become the most rigid is a matter of historical study which I am unequal to.'

With the Modernist shudder through the Church Tyrrell found himself adrift, writing wildly in 1906 to Mrs Gibson before a visit to Moorhurst:

'Tell the Hon. William that I have been very busy chewing up a Cardinal who had the audacity to speak of "the Apostate Dollinger" and needed some lectures in elementary Catechism. . . . Fawkes is playing battledore with two Bishops. He is the shuttlecock and may get knocked over the wall.'

'Tell the Hon. William that there is now a flourishing Old Catholic Community in England consisting of one mad Bishop; one drunken priest and no laity. Converts (with money) are respectfully invited.'

The last stage came the next year, and Gibson continued to be recipient of a flood of execration and epigrams, but always exquisitely phrased :

' The Inquisition is preoccupied with my rebellion and will, I presume, have my head. If so, they shall have my tongue also. . . . As with the Ultramontanes History doesn't count.'

(Oct. 13, 1907.) ' Is it true that Ward says that if you read the Encyclical back before on to a looking-glass, it is really a very cautious approval of Newman and only a condemnation of Bremond and myself ? '

But the end was close at hand. On Oct. 23 in the Chapel at Moorhurst Tyrrell received Communion for the last time. He returned to Storrington and found an *epistola grandis* from the Bishop. He scribbled a postcard to his anxious host : ' To-day the Bishop of Southwark informs me that Pius X has excommunicated me for my " Times " articles. No one can be surprised. Let not Ward crow too much—*ego hodie, tu cras.*'

So true is the French proverb : *Celui qui mange du Pape en meurt !*

Wilfrid Ward, like von Hügel, managed to keep foothold in the Church, though it was said von Hügel always received Communion before opening his mail, which might also include an Apostolic injunction !

Such were those forgotten days and controversies. Gibson was happier plunged into Gaelic studies. He returned to his pet grasshoppers and conversed with wild swans. Birds and insects filled his Celtic paradise. He settled in France at Compiègne and organised a Gaulish pageant in the woods. He became a Druid in Wales and a patron of the Bretons, to whom he conversed in their tongue.

His neighbours always expected him to return to Ireland as President, but he would not push his claim. The German occupation cut him off from Ireland for ever. His Chapel was pillaged and he was meekly led into captivity. His dress and his Irish neutrality led to release, but he died before France was liberated and lies buried under an immense Celtic Cross. He truly was a Gael in whom there was no guile—nor gall either ! *Requiescat.*

SHANE LESLIE.

**Art. 6.—LOCKHART, THE QUARTERLY, AND THE TRACTARIANS.**

THE second reformation of the Anglican Church, her renaissance, her discovery of her heritage, came in the Oxford Movement of 1832, and for the next two or three decades at least the doctrine and practice of the Tractarians made an absorbing topic in Church life, in national life, and, for many people, a crisis in their own private spiritual life.

By the 1840's, the first shock of Keble's Assize Sermon, of Newman's preaching, of the first Tracts, and of the revived devotions and practices was over, but the controversy was at its height. The public had regained its breath and was spending most of that breath in argument. It could hardly have been livelier in Scotland, where men thrive on religious controversy. There had not been so much theological discussion since the Reformation; and this time it was safe to talk. Discussion, however acrimonious, no longer led to the Tower, the stake, or the scaffold.

The Tractarians or Puseyites, as they were equally called (odd that they were never named Newmanites from their greatest genius), observed the Gospel caution against hiding lights under bushels. They set theirs high; lit innumerable candles on tall candlesticks to light the household of the English Church, until one of their critics in the 'Quarterly Review' accused them of trying to set the Church on fire. They preached dogmatic sermons, they revived ceremonies long disused, they wrote tracts, edited the works of the Fathers and of the early Anglican divines; their arguments were made audible, visible, and readable, and within a few years could hardly be ignored unless by the minority who were at once blind, deaf, and illiterate.

The 'Quarterly'—its editor, reviewers, and readers—being none of these things, and being interested in matters ecclesiastical with a leaning towards old-fashioned High Church ways, did not ignore the movement. Its editor at the time was a Scot, John Gibson Lockhart, with all the national interest in theology, and with a predilection, since his own Balliol days, for all things emanating from Oxford. We may read some of the argument in his correspondence

with his friend and colleague, J. W. Croker, as well as in the pages of the 'Quarterly.'

He mentioned it first in a letter of Jan. 21, 1839 :

'I am going down to Oxford (Balliol). . . . My chief object is to inquire, but not speak otherwise than in queries touching the state of the Oxford Tract controversy, . . . to which, as you lately hinted, the Q.R. must turn its attention. I have read a few of the Tracts, and yesterday went through Froude's Remains, and hitherto I feel adverse to the whole system as I comprehend it, though I daresay it may end in acting as a salutary counterpoise to equally baleful errors previously in fashion.'

About two weeks later he wrote again :

'I left Oxford with strong hopes that the Newman party may be stopped from going further ; I perceived that several of their ablest friends were already of opinion that they had touched dangerous ground. . . . The agitators meanwhile have done some signal services. They have stirred a new zeal for theological research, . . . and they have excited feelings among the young men which attest their value in a very extraordinary improvement of manners and habits. Thus far, well : the point is to keep them from going beyond the principles of our own Reformation, and I hope the Quarterly may contribute to this by dealing with their literary history and productions in a gentle and candid vein.'

The 'Quarterly' of March 1839 carried an article on the Movement in the form of a review of some Oxford publications. These included : 'Tracts for the Times' (1833-37) ; the first volumes in 'The Library of the Fathers' ; various sermons by the Tractarians ; Pusey's 'Letter to the Bishop of Oxford' refuting the charge of Romanism ; and Hurrell Froude's 'Remains'—the notes, journals, and letters posthumously published of that 'pard-like spirit' who was, almost incredibly, the brother of J. A. Froude.

The writer of the article was the Rev. William Sewell, at the time nearly a Tractarian himself. He was among the Oxford worthies of his day, and deserves remembrance in more than one aspect of the scholar's life. Sewell was a Wykehamist, and came up to Merton in 1823 ; he took a First in Litt. Hum. in 1827, and was elected Fellow of Exeter, later a tutor. In 1831 he was appointed to the

sinecure of the curacy of Carisbrooke Castle, which he held for life.

He himself published one or two treatises on theology and Christian Morals ; and he was an inspiring tutor and lecturer, whether or not he chose to lecture on the subjects announced. There is a tradition that he spent a lecture-hour intended for the Georgics on a discussion of Newman's 'Theory of Development of Christian Doctrine' ; but this may have appeared to him a natural transition from Virgil, that '*anima naturaliter Christiana*.'

He was always steadfastly Anglican and became increasingly anti-Roman—as is apparent in his novel '*Hawkstone*.'

In 1839 he wrote with approval of the Tractarians and their aims. The Tractarians were defenders of the Faith ; especially in showing the apostolic succession to be of scriptural authority, and to be maintained in the Anglican Church : 'It is,' Sewell wrote, 'the only ground upon which we can boldly meet Romanism and Dissent, the one with equal, the other with superior claims to a ministerial authority.' The Tractarians rightly enjoined obedience to the Prayer-Book : 'Neglect of the daily service, the desecration of festivals, the Eucharist scantily administered . . . drive people to Methodism . . . or Rome.'

Sewell emphasised the authority of the Church : 'The unanimous witness of Christendom as to the teaching of the Apostles is the only guarantee of the whole, revealed faith. . . . Catholicity is the only test of truth.' That guarantee is found in the proceedings of the primitive Church from which the Anglican is in true descent.

He dealt very cautiously with Tract No. 80, Newman's on 'Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge,' granting the necessity for reverence, but fearing that this pious reserve might be taken to recommend the suppression or modification of the truth. This caution was very gently expressed, however, and he commended the tracts for counteracting 'the popular religionism of the day'—the emotional and subjective type favoured and fostered by the Evangelicals. He quoted Newman with admiration in his saying : 'True faith is what may be called colourless like air or water ; it is but medium through which the soul sees Christ.' Emotion, conviction, experiences, 'sharing'—to use the language of the Evangelicals of that day and



that of a certain Group Movement of our own—merely produced self-contemplation. There was too little worship in the Church or in daily life.

Sewell, like Lockhart, welcomed the ardent and active devotion of these Oxford men and their disciples. He defended them against the charge of Romanism :

'Men are called Papists who are writing against Popery with infinitely more of learning and of zeal than perhaps any other contemporaries ; traitors to the Church of England when their time, talents and money are devoted to support it ; violators of the Rubric when they are enforcing its authorities ; . . . founders of a party when their avowed object is to merge all parties in the Catholic Church. . . . Either the Oxford writers are little short of lunatics, or such charges are not far from libels. . . . The public may be assured that the University of Oxford is perfectly clear of Jesuits.'

As Sewell had a particularly strong dislike of that Order, his defence of the Oxford men has value.

If Newman startled him, Hurrell Froude threw him almost into a panic ; for Froude was the *enfant terrible* of the Movement. The Church will always have representatives of that type, as well as the usual saints, sinners, and the congregation here present ; infants not without guile, delighting in paradox, in exaggeration, in verbal violence. Froude had flung himself with gusto into the discovery of the lost Catholic treasure, he was aflame with holy zeal, but lacked the balancing virtue of holy discretion. His 'Remains'—which he had not intended for the public—were even more likely than Newman's utterances to be misinterpreted. Sewell defended, however, his asceticism : 'There is little fear in this day from any stoicism of religion. . . . It is an epicurism of heart and mind . . . that is the plague and poison of this country.'

His conclusion was among the wisest expressions of the Anglican spirit, the most generous tributes to the Tractarians :

'No system is more fatal to Popery than the Church of England fully and faithfully developed—and the papists know it. Let the Church of England rise up . . . with her real Catholicity of doctrine, her apostolical succession clearly traced, her spiritual power manfully asserted—and there will be no place for Romanism. . . . We think the publication of the

Oxford Tracts a very seasonable contribution to the cause both of the Church and the State. . . . And as long as the authors continue in adherence to their original declared principles . . . abandoning all thought of self and looking only to God's Glory in all things—so long, we trust and believe, they will find a blessing resting on their labours—and all those who love their country and their Church will heartily wish them God-speed.'

During the next three years, however, Sewell was more than once perturbed by the developments of the Movement; and his review, in March 1842, of Bishop Andrews' Sermons published at Oxford by The Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology was made the vehicle of some reproof. Lockhart wrote about it to Croker:

'He seems to have, without one word of severity, demolished the leanings of the Pusey party as to influence with those who really mean to stand by the fathers of the Church of England. . . . I think this will be one of the most remarkable papers the Q.R. has ever had in point of interest, and I have very strong hopes of its success practically in arresting the movement towards popery, without at all weakening the impulse that has been given to High Church principles, such as they were in the best days of the Church.'

Sewell, in company with the old Anglican divines, was now opposing the new Anglo-Catholics on certain points:

'as, over-tenderness towards the usurping see of Rome, . . . a disposition to revive ceremonies and usages of various sorts, which Rome retains but which were either dropped by our Reformers as of pernicious tendency, or, being trifles, ought not now to be brought back to the disturbance of the people and division of the clergy.'

The article began: 'Among the signal proofs of a Divine favour shown to the English Church and of its own internal strength, is the creation within it, since the Reformation, of this body of standard theology formed principally in the 17th century' by her clergy and theologians who were 'matched directly with the most learned and acute defenders of popery. . . . And if they defended the Church of England with their understanding, they realised it in their lives'—realised that holiness for which there was a longing now. After a great bed-roll of the good priests of that golden age Sewell added: 'And remember, these lights on holiness and goodness were not

kept burning in a monastic system under an artificial shelter, but exposed to the blasts of persecution and the chilling atmosphere of the world.'

True as that was of the seventeenth-century divines, it was equally true of the men he was preparing to criticise. Leaving aside his implicit contempt for monasticism—the religious life had still to be renewed, with pain and difficulty, within the Anglican Church—Sewell was less than just to the Tractarians. They were living lives by no means sheltered or cloistered; but exposed both to active hostility and to a worldly atmosphere even more chilling than that of the seventeenth century. Between the former and the latter days of Anglican fervour lay the eighteenth century, with its civilisation, its urbanity—and its Laodicean complacency in religion. Save in the light and warmth of some hidden lives, the chilling atmosphere of the world invaded the Church, crept up to the altar where the Holy Sacrifice was so seldom presented and pleaded.

England was still a church-going nation; her clergy were, for the most part, men of decent lives, some piety, considerable learning, and practical benevolence—but few of them were possessed by the idea of a priestly life, set apart for God and His Church.

The Church, being free from the grosser and livelier kinds of scandal—which made such good travellers' tales from Italy—was respected up to a point, by most people, except of course Dissenters. The general feeling was that it might be worse; that it was, anyhow, better than Popery, which was good enough as a religion for foreigners and the poor Irish, but not for Englishmen.

Sewell found the Tractarian attitude towards Popery lacking in realism. The older theologians had

'a profound and extensive knowledge of Popery in all its bearings. They did not shape their judgement of it by some imaginary hope of effecting an impossible reconciliation, nor from some favourable specimen of the Gallican Church—the least Popish of all Popish communions; from the face which Popery can assume when addressing itself to an educated mind. . . . They saw it before them, practically engaged in its real characteristic work . . . the acquisition of power.'

He did not wholly approve of 'the disposition in the present day to shrink from all strong and harsh expressions when speaking of Popery.' The older divines were more

outspoken: "They condemned Rome not for exalting but destroying Episcopacy; not for magnifying but degrading Sacraments; not for honouring saints but for dishonouring God through them."

He realised, as we still do, that before any question of unity or re-union must come that of the Pope's supremacy: on this depends the decision as to whether or not we are in schism: 'If controversialists are weak here . . . every advance which they make and encourage in Catholic principles must lead them nearer to Rome. . . . Not so our old divines who knew that on a firm repudiation of Rome as a centre of unity everything depended.' That problem is as far from solution as ever.

There was, to his mind, a risk in reviving too many Catholic usages, in 'permitting ourselves to startle the weak and offend the strong by introducing so-called ancient novelties of dress or gesture or mode of reading, or bowing or crossing or turning to the east, or any like external act.' He did not appear to realise that, in a Catholic Church like ours, acts and gestures are more than formalities; that they express belief and worship through bodily movements.

This article was appreciated in high quarters. Lockhart told Croker, in a letter written in October 1842:

'Both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London volunteered to thank the Q.R. in very warm terms for Sewell's last article. The Archbishop said: "Nothing could have been more judicious and more likely to be of use" and was anxious to know the writer. It was this strong testimony that made me unwilling to interfere with his management of the article.'

But a few months later there was a reaction: 'It seems to me that now I have let Sewell preach long enough, and that the time is come when the intervention of a new hand—such a hand as did the Liturgy paper—might really be of the most essential service.'

The Liturgy paper is probably one that appeared in the early days of the Movement—in January 1934—and that dealt with various books and pamphlets on Liturgical Reform. It has interest in revealing, indirectly, the contemporary standards of worship. Some of the suggested changes in the Liturgy were so 'Low Church' as to be utterly Protestant and even disruptive: one even presumed to alter the Words of Consecration to the form: 'Take,

eat: this is Christ's Body Which is broken for you.' Another proposal was that the Sentence of Delivery of the Sacrament might be spoken to each group of communicants, not to every member, and that they might kneel, stand, or sit as they chose.

The reviewer had the grace to be shocked by this plan of dividing communicants 'into gangs or platoons who are to perform their exercises by one word of command.' He thought 'the minister might exhort his congregation to come on different days,—for instance on Good Friday and Easter Day, on Trinity and the following Sunday, on Christmas Day and some neighbouring feast'—and if they were so pushing in their piety as to desire, all of them, to make their Communion on one such day as Christmas or Easter, then perhaps two Celebrations could be arranged. (The implication that Good Friday and Easter Day were more or less twin feasts is somewhat startling.)

It is obvious that Holy Communion was not yet frequently celebrated. The Altar Service—or ante-Communion, as we would call it—was familiar; as, of course, were Morning Prayer and the Litany. There was already an effort to restore a daily service—but this meant Matins, not the Eucharist. One of the reforms suggested in these pamphlets was to have three services on Sunday, at different hours: Morning Prayer, the Litany, and the Altar Service. To this the reviewer objected that 'Eleven o'clock is the earliest hour convenient for most families,' which many priests still find deplorably true. He thought also that, with three services: 'The rich will soon frequent that one which is least convenient to the poor, and the poor will not be eager to attend that other where they no longer see their worldly superiors placed in the same Christian level with themselves.' This placid assertion is perhaps one of the most lurid lights thrown upon Church life and social life in England before the Oxford Movement.

This article, however, though hardly aware of the Catholic tradition of the English Church, was loyally and soundly Anglican within limits; and ended with a spirited rejection of Dr Arnold's 'free for all' plan of re-union. As a period picture it is fascinating, and is not altogether out of date.

To return to the crucial forties: in March 1843 a writer unnamed—at least by Lockhart—reviewed in the



'Quarterly' a series of Catechisms and books on the teaching of the Catechism. It was, even in England—and to a formidable degree in Scotland—an age of preaching. This the reviewer deplored: 'Preaching has built itself a throne upon the ruins not only of catechising, but also of prayer and the sacraments. . . .'

The article was a sound plea for the teaching office of the Church—an office the Anglo-Catholic clergy were worthily performing. The reviewer enlivened his argument with a story of an old woman who, when asked whether she understood her favourite preacher, replied humbly and slightly shocked: 'Would I presume to—blessed man?'

The next number of the 'Quarterly' contained an article by the formidable hand of Croker himself. He had, literally, asked for it; been permitted by Lockhart, who then had highly justifiable qualms. It would appear from their correspondence that Lockhart had insisted on some modifications, arguing that the Anglican Church's recognition of Roman, but not of Presbyterian or Lutheran, orders was evidence of: 'a nearer kindred with the Roman Church than with the most orthodox of the unepiscopal persuasions. . . . You would hardly have one Bishop of English authority with you—except Whately, who is no more an Anglican than a Mohametan. I know there has been and probably still is a prevailing flavour of Puritanism in the Church of Ireland.' And Croker, though come of Devon stock, was by birth and upbringing Irish.

He did in some degree tone down his paper. Lockhart made further modifications, stressing his own belief that the danger to the Church came not from Rome but from Germany, where 'the utter want of ecclesiastical authority' had led to 'the school of the Rationalists and Pantheists which now includes the vast majority of the educated classes wherever German literature prevails, and has, I fear, gained not a few adherents here since that literature was brought into vogue among us by the imitations of Carlyle' (he was even wiser than he knew).

But the hand of Croker was still heavy. He was reviewing a miscellany of books and pamphlets including the Bishop of London's recent 'Charge' to his clergy, various publications on the Thirty-nine Articles, on the Liturgy, and on 'Recent Changes in Ceremonial.' He

began calmly and laudably enough with a reference to : 'The visible and, we trust, substantial increase of religious feeling . . . among the members of the Established Church especially in the higher and middle classes.' (Apparently religion was being permitted to interfere even with a gentleman's private life.) It was indeed true that the influence of the Oxford Movement was felt first among the intellectual and cultivated men and women who were sensitive to the appeal of tradition and the dignity of ceremonial ; but its glory was to lie also in its missionary work in the slums and dockyards and among the poor and untaught.

Croker admitted the danger to the Church in the recent secular tendencies. Being a stout Tory, he was disposed to blame the Whigs for this. One should always blame the other party for as much as possible of the evil of the world. There was now, however, a reaction in favour of the Church and of a more devout way of life. Young people especially, and most of the clergy were ready to be inspired : 'All these the Tractarians found ready to kindle at a touch, and the zeal of the writers grew hotter and hotter at the flame they excited—till at last, growing blind at the blaze, they had burned their own fingers, and very nearly if not actually, set fire to the Church.'

Many people were startled by the flame ; and then, as now, much of the perturbation was caused by the outward and visible signs of Catholic worship, and not by the verbal teaching of Catholic doctrine. Croker had his full share of prejudice and antipathies in this regard. He would accept for the Anglican Church the term Catholic 'as nearly synonymous with orthodox,' but he disapproved of other uses of the work :

'When . . . auricular confession was talked of as Catholic,—when a more rigid observance of fasts than had been usual in the Church of England was preached up as Catholic—when the priest's praying with his back to the people, contrary to every form and principle of common prayer, was recommended and practised as Catholic—when burning tapers at noon-day on the Communion-table of an English parish church was pronounced to be Catholic—when we heard of a Bishop interfering to rebuke a clergyman for having a sort of cross sewed on the back of his surplice by way of conforming to Catholic example,—when we heard of an English clergyman actually proceeding with a

crucifix in his hand to administer the Sacrament to a dying parishioner "more Catholico"—when the Church of England was described to be in a state that required means of recovery and re-establishment to make her a pure branch of the Catholic Church, when, in short, we saw both ceremonies and devotions which have hitherto distinguished the Roman from the Protestant Church—all deliberately patronised and systematically characterised as Catholic—how could common-sense resist the conviction that the word Catholic was, by the new school, used in meaning to which the Church of England never can subscribe.'

As most of these habits and ceremonies are now in common use (except perhaps the sewing of a cross on the back of a surplice—Mr Croker may not have been 'up' in vestments) his final assertion can hardly be called prophetic.

He did not approve, either, of the revival of a daily service, because then—'The congregation is chiefly composed of females of the upper classes, exactly the persons who least need it because they are the most ready to embrace such opportunities'—which seems an odd kind of reasoning. It could almost be interpreted: The more you like going to church the less you ought to go.

Croker then discussed at some length the once-popular Altar Service, or Ante-Communion or Missa Sicca; objecting, in language of singularly bad taste, to the use of a credence-table and to altar-lights. His essential Protestantism came out in his comment: 'We have a great reverence for the Communion-table,—nay, we have no Puritanical objection to call it God's altar,—the altar where the Sacrifice of the Saviour is not made but commemorated—but then the higher we carry our reverence for the altar the less are we disposed to see it degraded into a side-board on which candles are placed merely to help to light the church at an evening service. Still less can we tolerate that it should be made a vehicle of Popish superstition.'

The conclusion of the article was an example of that violence of language that had marked Croker's early work, and was not yet modified by time or wisdom, charity or even courtesy.

Of the Tractarians he said:

'It is in vain—even when they are perfectly sincere—that persons who have adopted these practices may tell us that they have no leaning to Popery, and are . . . zealous members of the Anglican Church. We cannot search their consciences, and we

will give credit to them ourselves : but we must insist that their private feelings cannot justify their countenance of practices which are but too generally understood . . . as a solemn and continuous protest against the Reformation . . . and when some notorious instances have led to downright apostasy. But open defection, even when we suspect it to be the result of an irregular intellect and morbid vanity, is less deplorable and infinitely less dangerous than the masquerade orthodoxy whose heart is already reconciled to Rome, though its hands are still willing to carry the bag and take the sop, and to participate in the Communion of the Anglican Church as Judas did at the Last Supper.'

There are comparisons that, once made, put the maker beyond forgiveness. This was, no doubt, dealing in 'a candid vein' though hardly in a gentle one, and it is easy to imagine Lockhart's perturbation. Croker was no easy contributor.

In 1845 the blow—so long dreaded—fell ; Newman made his submission to Rome. His 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine' was reviewed in the 'Quarterly' of March 1846. He was no longer to be criticised as a dangerous leader of an Anglican party. The reviewer regretted, in all charity, that he and his fellow-converts had 'sought to find without what they should have sought from within,' and found, in the Essay : 'an inexpressibly melancholy tone at once of desperate menace and desperate apology.' Newman's views implied that there was 'no intermediate position for a man of understanding between the whole, uncompromising, inflexible theology of the Council of Trent, and utter infidelity ; the full creed of Pius IV and the stern rejection of that of the Apostles.'

The argument against Roman 'accretions' was stated : 'Strike one chord too strongly, dwell too long on one note, and you destroy the harmony. All religious error . . . is an exaggeration of some Christian truth.' In discussing devotion to Our Lady the reviewer would admit due reverence to the Mother of Our Lord, but deprecate exaggeration : 'Elevate that reverence into adoration, and will it any longer retain any due proportion ?'

In the main, this article was notable for its discretion, wisdom, and charity, as in this paragraph :

'The real and essential Christianity . . . of all who hold the great truths, endeavour to live up to the lofty morals, look to the

promises of God in Christ, who have Christian hope, faith and charity—this Christianity has existed, does exist and ever will exist . . . and by this Christianity . . . we shall stand or fall. This, though hard and inflexible Roman Catholic theory may deny, the Roman Catholic heart like that of all Christendom is, in all but its stern controversialists, eager to allow. The inexorable *Nulla Spes Extra Ecclesiam* is eluded by the holy subterfuges of evangelic charity.'

A good phrase 'holy subterfuges.' *O si sic omnes*—then and now—and especially Mr Croker!

It is a little unfortunate that the article should end in a burst of nationalism, with a gloomy picture of an England Romanised, with the Bible withheld, the Chalice denied to the laity, the clergy set apart in 'a kind of unapproachable sanctity' while 'from every parsonage in England shall be expelled the devout, the blameless, the charitable wife, the pure and exemplary daughters.' (This number of the 'Quarterly' must have been read with complacent purring in many vicarage drawing-rooms.) The return of the Confessional was dreaded: 'Lest our wives and daughters . . . be compelled to utter their most secret, their most holy unutterable thoughts . . . to some, as it may happen, old and venerable or young and comely priest.' (A flippant reader might be tempted to ask: Might not the priest be dull, middle-aged, and of no particular handsomeness?)

Finally came panegyric of 'the glories of our Elizabeth, of the reign of our William and our Anne.' In Romanised England the Revolution would be considered a sin, 'the accession of the house of Brunswick a crime and a calamity.' But there were many good Anglicans, even in 1846, who held the Revolution against the Stuarts to be sinful, and who had only begun to accept, with any loyalty or affection, the House of Brunswick in the person of the young Queen Victoria. The glorification of 'our Elizabeth' is not of acceptance 'quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,' still less admiration for that very peculiar Dutchman 'our William.' Anne—poor, decent, dragged body—may pass.

There was more wisdom in the query (which was also Lockhart's): 'Is there not an anti-Christ equally formidable to both'—Roman and Anglican, and other Christians too?

Another Liturgical article—again by Croker—appeared in July 1851. His point of view and its expression had not



changed ; he still attacked the ' ultra-rubricians ' and their ceremonial : ' Neither the clergy nor the public at large would tolerate these superstitious practices. . . . All the most eminent and distinguished among the first practitioners . . . of these innovations . . . have thrown off the mask . . . by passing over into the Roman camp '—all but, he charitably added, those who ' prefer their emoluments to their theories.' With a final allusion to ' Jesuitical double-dealing ' and ' accommodating faith ' he ended with a hope for a return to ' the decent seriousness and sober splendour ' of his ideal of the Anglican tradition.

In the fifties, however, the ' Quarterly ' took less official part in the controversy—and Lockhart's personal interest grew more and more acute. His letters are full of references to events and persons : notably to Manning whom he described as ' an ascetical coxcombe and tuft-hunter, the image of a Jesuit Cardinal of the 16th century.' There was much rumour about Manning—and others ; rumour that ended and was confirmed when on Passion Sunday 1851 he and Lockhart's son-in-law James Hope were received together into the Church of Rome.

On the Whitsunday following, Charlotte Hope, Lockhart's daughter, joined her husband. His letters to them then were wise and tender ; that they were also a little sad can be best understood by those of Lockhart's own loyalty to the Anglican Church. But there was no lessening of mutual trust and affection.

On his last visit to Rome—in the winter of 1853-54—he enjoyed the company and the sermons of Roman priests, including the converts such as Manning and his own namesake Fr. William Lockhart ; the visiting Anglican chaplains he found ' bitter bad ' as preachers. Like a true Scot, he enjoyed a good sermon.

Lockhart's own faith, though reticent, was profound ; it was his comfort in the many sorrows of his life, and in the hour of death which he knew was the doorway to immortality. As he waited in the shadows of that portal—lying in the little room at Abbotsford next to that in which Scott had died—he received with his last mortal hearing the prayers for the dying ; and his Christian soul went forth in peace.

MARION LOCHHEAD.

## Art. 7.—THE SUBCONSCIOUS AND SHAW.

WE have experiences. They pass into memory. Some of them return into consciousness and others remain subconscious but may be recalled by the emergence of an experience associated with them.\* The connecting link may be subconscious. For example: When Samuel Butler was alive, there was a beggar woman who stood in Holborn. Butler never could understand why he always found himself humming 'They oppressed them with burthens' when he passed her, until one day in a window he saw a portrait of Rameses II and remembered (consciously) that the beggar woman was exactly like him.

The imagination is entirely dependent on memory for its elements (as can be proved by the simple experiment of trying to picture anything the elements of which did not occur in our sense experience). As Sir Joshua Reynolds said, 'Invention is little more than a new combination of images which have previously been gathered and deposited in the memory.'

Within the subconscious a process of integration can take place. When the conscious mind is in abeyance, elements that came to us in different contexts can come together. As the late J. W. Dunne wrote, 'Suppose that, when awake, you see a blue dress in a shop window and that, later, you see a girl. In the following night you may in a dream see a girl wearing a blue dress.'

Subconscious memories have of course emerged in a wide range of art. Memory is the mother of the Muses. *Musai*, the Muses, comes from a root meaning to remember. The Muses put people in remembrance of things worth remembering. In 1794 Walter Whiting demonstrated in Shakespeare Lock's doctrine of the association of ideas in 'A Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare' and in 1935 this subject was dealt with in 'Shakespeare's Imagery,' a book of considerable size, by Professor Caroline Spurgeon. It is notorious how much in Smollett came to be reproduced in Dickens. In 'Roderick Random' was Squeers. In 'Peregrine Pickle' were Captain Cuttle and Mrs MacStinger. In 'Humphrey Clinker' was Pickwick and in 'Peregrine Pickle' were Mr Pickwick and Sam Weller

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\* The unconscious association of ideas was drawn attention to by Locke.

in the debtors' gaol. In 'Sir Lancelot Greaves' were scenes in which a candidate for Parliament canvasses before an election which were to be reproduced in 'Pickwick Papers.' Such instances are obvious, but recollection can of course be subtle. Mr Edmund Wilson in 'The Wound and the Bow' argues that the name of Dickens's mistress, Ellen Lawless Ternan, echoed in the names of the heroines of his last three novels, Estella, Bella Wilfer and Helena Landless. Stevenson visited Long Melford at a time when there was living there a man called John Silver. By conflation came 'Long John Silver.'

Subconscious integration can be much more than casual. In acquiring skill, we develop powers of integration that become subconscious. In typewriting, for example, we can subconsciously become aware of the positions of the letters on the keyboard and our fingers fly ahead to the letters wanted although we may be quite unable to write down the keyboard, using the conscious mind.

Now I am one of those who have been convinced, especially by Samuel Butler, that mind is inherited, mostly subconsciously. As every living thing grows up, there is a subconscious recapitulation of its ancestral experience, greatly epitomised. In the deeper regions of our minds are memories of our past, stretching back through our ancestry to primitive times. This primitive experience can be awakened by appropriate mnemonics or symbols. Hering in 1870 pointed out that inherited memory makes possible speech being more quickly acquired in the course of the generations. Mr Guy Boas, writing from Sloane School, Chelsea, to 'The Times,'\* said, 'English for English boys and girls is atavistic: the instinct to speak English is already there.' And, subconsciously, the recapitulation of other ancestral experience goes on. Children of six or seven like to play at hunting or fighting. The child recapitulates the life of adventure in the open air and loves stories of pirates, highwaymen, bushrangers, backwoodsmen, sailors, and so on. 'Penny dreadfuls' are attractive for similar reasons. The appeal of 'thriller' and eroticism in novel, film, play, is to atavistic layers of sensibility which underlie and survive cultural changes. Words can recall old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago.

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\* 1950, Jan. 5.

Stevenson could feel within himself his ancestors, the Elliots. The association of ancestral experiences with words and their roots and with sounds in them goes back beyond the historical period. A. E. Housman wrote, 'Poetical words find their way to something in man which is obscure and latent, something older than the present organisation of his nature.' Man is played upon, wrote Pater, not only by the physical conditions about him but also by remote laws of inheritance, the vibrations of long-past acts reaching him in the midst of the new order of things in which he lives. The vocabulary of poetry is indeed the words which call up experience from the past. Samuel Butler pointed out that it would have made a difference if 'The Ancient Mariner' had been called 'The Old Sailor.'

Owing to the hereditary-occupation system in India, Brahmins are born with abnormal memories, some children are born with abnormal endowments in mathematics, some peoples are born fighters, and hereditary craftsmen have amazing skills. The famous French mathematician Poincaré from time to time, when confronted with a profound mathematical problem, divined the solution, put the problem aside, worked it out later, and found the solution to be correct.

A man's nature may be so deeply set in this sort of way that he just cannot do other with his conscious mind than this set requires. His subconscious mind is operating. The majority of human beings, Mr Aldous Huxley has written, belong to one or other of a number of familiar and recognisable classes. Life, however, possesses the resources and patience to go on multiplying the lotteries of heredity and environment until the one-in-a-million chances turn up simultaneously and, when these opportunities are taken, the exceptional man appears.

There is attraction and there is repulsion in the mental as well as in the physical world. We see these operating in the realm of physics. Then there are chemical affinities. When a number of entities are integrated that appear to 'belong,' we often express our sense of this by the word 'beautiful': e.g. a 'beautiful' solution of a mathematical problem. An eminent scholar once said to me that Dean Bradley's revision of Arnold's book on Latin composition was a work of art. To explain this marvellous subconscious

integration the phrase 'unconscious cerebration' has been widely used; but it begs the question. It is legitimate to speak of ideas revealing elective affinities without attributing this to mindless physical happenings, but rather thinking of mind linking up in intelligent integration.

The originality in the creation of dreams is miraculous and art is such stuff as dreams are made on. In the creation of art there is a subconscious integrating process at work just as in a skill like typewriting the subconscious mind remembers the positions of the letters on the keyboard and the fingers fly to the letters required. So the artist may subconsciously remember achievements of other artists and embody them in his own. A few years ago, a broadcaster gave a series of talks in which he demonstrated how many reminiscences of passages in music are to be found in music in general: there were so many such passages that the series of talks just petered out because the chain of discoveries became monotonous. As we have exemplified, the same situation is true of literature. This, clearly, is different from conscious plagiarism. Thomas Deloney wrote between 1597 and 1600 his novel, 'Thomas of Reading.' In it a host and hostess plan to murder a guest. Old Cole saw blood on the hands of the hostess. Then this sentence occurs, 'It goes like a bell that rings a forenoon's knell.' Cole asks the hostess, 'What have you done that your hands are so bloody?' The narrative continues, 'The scritch owl cried piteously and, soon after, the night raven sat croaking by the window.' Cole says, 'I think it would be best not to meddle with him.' "'What, man," quoth she, "faint you now?"' Cole's horse had got loose. Surely the late Professor Sir Walter Raleigh was right in seeing that Shakespeare remembered these passages when he wrote 'Macbeth.' Years ago something like a scandal was caused by the demonstration of many passages from other composers' works in Handel, but this is now understood. As Emerson said, 'Genius borrows nobly.'

Many artists have been aware of the importance of the subconscious activities of the mind. In English literature we think of Blake, convinced that his dead brother dictated to him. Keats of course is full of expressions of his awareness of the importance of subconscious activities in the mind. He toyed with the idea that the spirit of Shakespeare inspired him. Things he did half at random were



afterwards confirmed by his judgment in a dozen features of propriety. Both Nietzsche and Rilke recorded having undergone a sense of being 'merely a mouthpiece, merely a medium of superior powers.' A. E. Housman recorded how his 'inspired' poems came to him. When he was out for a walk, 'there would flow into my mind with sudden and unaccountable emotion, sometimes a line or two of verse, sometimes a whole stanza at once, accompanied by a vague notion of the poem they were destined to form a part of. Then there would usually be a lull of an hour or so, then perhaps the spring would bubble up again. When I got home, I wrote down the lines that had come, leaving gaps.' Of one particular poem, he recorded, 'two of the stanzas came into my head. A third came with a little coaxing. One more was needed. I had to turn to and compose it myself, and that was a laborious business. I wrote it thirteen times, and it was more than a twelve-month before I got it right'—and even then it was not quite right.

There are many testimonies of novelists and playwrights that their creations write themselves. If the author tries to *impose* ideas of his conscious mind, the creation goes astray: he must obey. Bernard Shaw wrote, 'When I write a play, I do not foresee or intend a page of it from one end to the other: the play writes itself. I may reason out every sentence until I have made it say what it comes to me to say; but whence or why it comes to me, I do not know. . . . The result always shows that there has been *something behind* all the time, of which I was not conscious, though it turns out to be the real motive of the whole creation. . . . I do not regard my part in the production of my books and plays as much greater than that of an amanuensis.'

Now, we can understand why there are so many testimonies to 'automatic' creation in art, but what is the difference between the creation that occurs in dreams and creation in art? As on other issues, Shaw provides the classical answer. In a context not dealing with his own writing he described the part in artistic creation that can be played by the conscious mind: 'The great man leads his inspiration, makes its course for it, removes obstacles, holds it from gadding erratically after this or that passing fancy, thinks for it, and finally produces with it an

admirable whole,' i.e. his conscious mind, while accepting from the subconscious, gives it the benefit of his conscious skills.

We must now recall that a vast proportion of our experience we forget. Shaw, for example, entirely forgot a novel he had written: if he had not been obliged to recognise his own handwriting, he would have sworn he did not write it.

The classical work on subconscious creation is 'The Road to Xanadu,' by Professor Livingston Lowes. Having got out Coleridge's record of books he had read, Lowes read them in turn and in this book demonstrates that you cannot put your finger on a single word or elemental idea in 'Xanadu' or 'The Ancient Mariner' that he cannot show the source of; that in the process of creation, the subconscious mind has the power instantly to recall elements from the most varied sources and unite them in a new creation. This is a miracle beyond any doubt whatsoever.

But now the questions arise: What is being created? What is being expressed? The answer is, the inner experience of the artist. Every artist projects his own experience into his works. Frank Harris was right when he pointed out that Shakespeare's Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth are poets. As Shaw humorously put it, 'The incongruity of Macbeth's ferocious murders and the treacheries and brutalities of the legendary Thane of Fife with the humane and reflective temperament of the nervous literary gentleman whom Shakespeare thrust into his galligaskins is glaring.' In 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' was really being expressed Keats's tragic fate. He was the knight-at-arms. Although so young, he feared that his harvest was done. Love came and showed him delights only to exclude him from them. The hungry generations, symbolised by pale kings and princes, were treading him down. There came to him all sorts of elements in his experience—for example, Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals': 'Let no bird sing'—as symbols to express his tragic experience in a divine unity. In the 'Ode to a Nightingale' Keats was remembering his younger brother growing pale and spectre-thin and dying in his arms. Again the hungry generations were treading him down.

We now turn to a demonstration of the operations of the subconscious, as dealt with above, in the case of

Bernard Shaw. First of all, there is the subconscious inheritance of sex. Every man, while being dominantly male in the physical sense, is recessively female (as every woman, while being dominantly female in the physical sense, is recessively male). Shaw maintained that, psychically, he was more woman than man : for this reason he could imagine himself as women as well as men. Secondly, there is the subconscious inheritance of race. Shaw's heredity included people of both the Mediterranean and Nordic races. The former is shy, sensitive, mentally nimble, artistic, and the latter melancholy and practical. Lord Samuel has described the former as having flashes of intuition, brilliant improvisation, disrespect for cold fact, and a love of the dramatic ; and the Nordic type as having common sense, careful judgment, dogged pertinacity, and staunch loyalty. There was plenty of the Mediterranean race in Shaw's ancestry. The Kelts, it will be remembered, emanated from intermarriage between Mediterraneans and Nordics. Mr Sean O'Faolain has written :

'I see the Kelt struggling through century after century with his imaginative domination, seeking for a synthesis between dream and reality, aspiration and experience, a shrewd knowledge of the world and a strange reluctance to cope with it, and tending always to find the balance not in an intellectual synthesis but in the rhythm of a perpetual emotional oscillation.'\*

From the earliest times satire was one of the main functions of the Keltic poet. Even of the ancient love-poems many have a sting in the tail or may seem sophisticated. But of course there was a strong Nordic infusion in Ireland. Mr O'Faolain, again, has written, 'The Danes and the Normans founded every Irish town that exists : Dublin, Wexford, Wicklow, Limerick, Cork—all Danish. Kilkenny is a typical Norman creation. The Irish never founded a town.'† Shaw was entitled to write :

'I am a genuinely typical Irishman of the Danish, Norman, Cromwellian invasions. I am violently and arrogantly Protestant by family tradition ; but let no English Government, therefore, count on my allegiance ; I am English enough to be an inveterate republican and Home Ruler. It is true that my

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\* 'The Irish,' p. 11.

† Op. cit., p. 31.

grandfather was an Orangeman ; but then his sister was an abbess, and his uncle, I am proud to say, was hanged as a rebel.'

There can, however, be no doubt that Shaw was fundamentally Mediterranean in race although he was also Nordic. The dreamer, idealist, lover of beauty, idealiser of people lived side by side with a hard-headed business man. In 'John Bull's Other Island' Keegan is a deep self-portrait of Shaw, and yet Doyle is a more superficial self-revelation of Shaw also.

Nor can there be any doubt that Shaw was an aristocrat and felt himself to be an aristocrat. His biographer has recorded how in the prolonged time of Shaw's poverty and failure he was sustained by a certain pride of birth, a consciousness of worthy ancestry. His democratic tendencies came from compassion, æsthetic disgust with poverty and its usual outgrowths, and *noblesse oblige*. Like practically all the other leaders in reform, Shaw was of aristocratic and middle class and, in spite of his protestations to the contrary, idealised the working man. He lived to be disillusioned, consequently, by the results of public ownership.

We can trace in Shaw some inherited *family* traits—the hilarious humour, for example, his father's sense of anticlimax and fundamental humility, his mother's brains and character, her artistic gifts and love of music, her compassion—even for flowers. But other family traits he inherited we find in remoter members of the family. Sir Robert Shaw 'had the appearance of a somewhat truculent bear disturbed out of a doze : there was an arrogant air about him, combined with a curious lack of assurance, like one who armours his sensitivity with a cruel exterior. It was certainly only an exterior cruelty, for he was a kind and honest gentleman.' Uncle Frederick Shaw manifested in his life the highest qualities of character and great abilities. He was a man of high personal dignity and old-fashioned courtesy. He insisted on the responsibility which belongs to the privileged, the duty of generous service. He said, 'It is the privilege of a gentleman to get the worst of any bargain throughout life.'

The compensation for the abnormal sensitiveness—and consequent diffidence—of the artist is his awareness of his real superiority even to people who have received the highest conventional recognition. For exemplification of

this we have only to think of utterances of Horace, Shakespeare (in his sonnets), Blake, Keats. Constable wrote, 'Take away a painter's vanity and he will never touch a pencil again.' In one of his letters Keats wrote that his egotism enabled him to do finer things than he would otherwise have been able to accomplish. Shaw recognised that an artist's subconscious awareness of his worth may induce him to self-preservation that to others may seem cowardice. The tension between this inner conviction of worth and lack of recognition provides for the artist a constant tendency to be irritated, hurt, and 'superior.'

Now let us turn to subconscious memories in specific works of Shaw. In youth he was made acquainted with phonetics through the Bell family. In London he took up shorthand and phonetics again through his friend Lecky, who introduced him to Henry Sweet, the phonetician, who suffered and manifested the stresses just described. Shaw learnt Sweet's system of shorthand called 'Current Shorthand.' Joynes, a master at Eton and son of an Eton master, maintained to Shaw that the only difference between the public elementary school and the elementary Public School was the accent: if a working-class child could be trained to *speak* correctly, he could move in the very best society.\* These memories were to be revived later.

Prominent in the theatrical world of Shaw's youth was Mrs Sartoris, i.e. Adelaide Kemble, a niece of John Philip Kemble, who had made a name for herself as an opera singer at Covent Garden. It would seem that this memory supplied the name Sartorius—perhaps by conflation with 'Sartor Resartus.' There was a playwright called Craven, in one of whose plays Irving acted, and Hawes Craven was one of Irving's principal scenic artists: hence, possibly, the name Craven in 'The Philanderer.' Candida was the name of an Italian dancer. The names Mendoza and Louisa occur in Sheridan's 'The Duenna' and Mendoza was also the name of a famous exponent of the art of boxing, in which Shaw was so deeply interested. Hence Mendoza and Louisa in 'Man and Superman.' Cusins was the name of the conductor of the Philharmonic Society from 1867 until the eighties.

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\* Winsten, 'Salt and his Circle.'



Now we turn to more substantial matter. Shaw once wrote, 'From childhood I have read hardly half-a-dozen novels.' But he had 'an ancient revolutionary comrade (feminine nihilist),' a Mrs E. L. Voynich, who wrote a novel called 'The Gadfly.' It was published in England in 1897. Early in 1898 Shaw, for Mrs Voynich, made a dramatic opera version of it. The hero of the novel spends an important part of his life in Brazil, roughing it, becomes a brigand, and the chief thing in his life is a deep personal resentment against a man of the highest respectability. When Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, became a father, she, writing to Shaw, said that no one would write a play for a grandmother. Shaw immediately, on May 3, 1899, began to write a play to prove the contrary. The memory of Brazil from 'The Gadfly' recalled Cunninghame Graham and this in turn Graham's book on Morocco, and Graham fused with the Gadfly into Captain Brassbound. In 1901 Shaw began to write 'Man and Superman.' The story of Don Juan was Spanish and this took the action of the play to Spain. Shaw's conscious mind told him that he got the idea of Mendoza from a story by Conan Doyle, but this was only the idea of syndicalising brigandage. As in the case of 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion,' Spain recalled Cunninghame Graham. Again in Shaw's subconscious was the leading character in 'The Gadfly,' who was a brigand.

Much more remarkable is the psychic history of 'Pygmalion.' In 1897 Forbes Robertson and Mrs Patrick Campbell were acting together. Shaw began to write 'Cæsar and Cleopatra' for them. In 1897 Somerset Maugham's 'Liza of Lambeth,' the cockney flower-girl, was published (she in turn had been derived from Kipling's Badalia Herodsfoot, 1893). In 1897, writing to Ellen Terry of Forbes Robertson and Mrs Patrick Campbell, Shaw said, 'I would teach that rapscaillionly flower-girl of his something. "Cæsar and Cleopatra" has been driven clean out of my head by a play I want to write for them in which he shall be a west-end gentleman and she an east-end dona in an apron and three orange and red ostrich feathers.'

In 1910, in his preface to 'Blanco Posnet' on the censorship, Shaw quoted W. S. Gilbert's evidence before the committee on the censorship—'In a novel one may

read that "Eliza stripped off her dressing-gown and stepped into her bath" without any harm, but I think that if that were presented on the stage, it would be shocking.'

In 1912 Shaw was in Paris and went to see Rodin in his studio. They liked each other and Rodin asked Shaw to sit for a bust. The sittings were prolonged. Herr Trebitsch has written of what it was like to be present at one of these sittings. Rodin was no ordinary sculptor but a god-like creature. 'I remember well the silence in which three human beings scarcely dared to breathe whilst the fourth, the sculptor, filled the studio with frenzied activity, titanic movements and outcries which were not always intelligible and meant only for himself.'\* This experience recalled to Shaw's mind Pygmalion and this in turn Gilbert's play 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' and this in turn Gilbert's reference to Eliza and her bath.

I do not know whether Shaw ever read Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle' or, if he did, whether it was in childhood or later, but in an article on Shaw in 'The Radio Times' Sir Barry Jackson drew attention to the extraordinary anticipations of Shaw's 'Pygmalion' in that work—only, by a slip, he said 'Humphrey Clinker' instead of 'Peregrine Pickle.' (I am indebted to Sir Barry for the correct reference.) Here is a summary of the relevant chapter :

*'Peregrine meets a nymph of the road, whom he takes into keeping and metamorphoses into a fine lady.'*

'The girl, notwithstanding the wretched equipage in which she appeared, exhibited a set of agreeable features. For a small sum he purchased her parent's property in the wench. He directed her to be cleaned and clothed in a decent manner with all expedition. The nymph did not submit to the bath without repining. She was arrayed in clean and decent apparel which belonged to Mrs Hatchway. When Peregrine saw her, he could scarcely believe his eyes. Peregrine had observed that the conversation of those who are dignified with the appellation of polite company is neither more edifying or entertaining than that which is met with among the lower classes of mankind and that the only essential difference in point of demeanour is the form of education which the meanest capacity can acquire without much study or application. He took the young woman under his own tutorage and instruction, in consequence of which he hoped he should, in a few weeks,

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\* 'Chronik eines Lebens.'

be able to produce her in company as an accomplished young lady of uncommon wit and excellent understanding. The obstacle in surmounting which he found the greatest difficulty was an inveterate habit of swearing, which had been indulged in from her infancy and confirmed by the example of those about her. In a few days he ventured to present her at table with success. Peregrine culled out choice sentences from Shakespeare, Otway and Pope and taught her to repeat them with emphasis and a theatrical cadence. The girl was then presented to ladies.

'One evening, being at cards with a lady whom she detected in the very act of unfair conveyance, she taxed her roundly with the fraud, and brought upon herself such a torrent of sarcastic reproof as overbore all her maxims of caution and burst open the floodgates of her own natural repartee, twanged off with the appellations of b—— and w——.

'She fell in love with a young man and eloped with him. Peregrine was reconciled to the event: by this time he had performed his frolic and was tired with his acquisition. The young husband opened a coffeehouse and tavern, not doubting that his wife would be an ornament to his bar and a careful manager of his affairs. Peregrine approved this and made the young man a present of £500.'

Shaw's acquaintance with phonetics; his memory of Joynes maintaining that if a working-class child could be taught to speak correctly, he could move in the best society; his memory of the flower-girl, of Eliza. Shaw also remembered an experience he had had when a critic:

'Happening to be caught in a pelting shower in St Martin's Lane, I took refuge in the entry of a narrow court, where I was presently joined by three men of prosaic appearance. . . . They were wholly untroubled by any consciousness of the distinguished critic lurking in the shadow a few feet off.'

And so the opening scene of 'Pygmalion.'

In 'Pygmalion' the deeper Shaw finds expression in his feminine awareness of how self-absorbed people—especially men—can be. Unlike most people, he sees the situation from the point of view of the poor girl promoted to a higher life and then discarded.

Now we come to 'Heartbreak House.' Lena Ashwell (Lady Simpson) told me that Shaw and she were guests at the same house and she mentioned to him that her father had been a sea captain who became a clergyman. Shaw

got her to talk about him. If Shaw had read 'Peregrine Pickle,' this may well have recalled Commodore Trunnion. The original of Trunnion is said to have been an Admiral Hoare who about 1750 built himself a house near Warrington, taking a ship as his model. He made cabins and officers' and warrant-officers' rooms. The grass plot before the house was his quarterdeck where his flag floated from a masthead. Those who lived in the house slept in hammocks.

Finally, when Shaw was writing 'Back to Methuselah' in 1921, the opening scene of the discovery of the dead fawn was probably a reminiscence of Galatea's reaction to the dead kid in Gilbert's 'Pygmalion and Galatea.' The attitude of a person newly arrived on this Earth is in Gilbert's play, and a character in 'Back to Methuselah' is called Pygmalion.

R. F. RATTRAY.

## Art. 8.—THE APPEARANCE OF FORESTS.

' Art is the active practical exercise of a single discipline : æsthetics is the philosophic appreciation of any or all the arts. Art is concerned with the more or less unconscious creation of beauty : æsthetics is concerned with its discovery and contemplation. Æsthetics is the metaphysical side of all productive living.

' This complete unlikeness on the surface between art and æsthetics—for ultimately and fundamentally they are at one—has to be emphasised, for the failure to distinguish them has led to confusion and verbosity. . . . What the artist in life, as in any other art, is directly concerned to express is not primarily beauty, it is much more likely to seem to him to be truth (it is interesting to note that Einstein, so much an artist in thought, insists that he is simply concerned with truth), and what he produces may seem at first to all the world, and even possibly to himself, to be ugly.'—Havelock Ellis : ' The Dance of Life.'

THIS paper is not about art in the rather narrow or specialised sense now current, but it may be well to recall, since the words above have been quoted as a text, that the Latin *ars* had a wider meaning, with the first emphasis on production, even as the Greek *Ποιεῖν* (whence we have our word ' poetry ') meant primarily to make or to produce. Havelock Ellis's comment is specially apt and helpful because forestry is a matter of doing and making and producing. Few people are interested in these activities when the object is timber, but many are concerned about the more passive æsthetic approach—discovery and contemplation. In short, few know or care about what is being produced, but many care about appearances : a forest is not likely to be appraised as a good or bad forest but on whether it pleases or displeases the eyes of its observers—observers who know nothing about forestry. Moreover, the division or difference between doing and merely appreciating here goes rather deeper than the surface : it has its roots in history.

This island used to be densely forested, and for centuries the forests were something to fight against. Trees had to be cleared before fields could be made, and even then the greater part of the forests remained as the haunt of fierce and destructive animals and the refuge of malefactors, or at best as an uncharted wilderness in which one might



be lost and then starve to death. (The reputed scene of the tragedy of the Babes in the Wood, Wailing Wood, stands to this day, a little south of Watton in Norfolk.) Most of the forest cover of this island was destroyed gradually: some went in Mesolithic times; some in the Bronze Age; some in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and some within more recent times when oak trees were felled to provide timber for the navy or fuel for iron-smelting, glass-making, or other of the country's growing industries.

This destruction of forests was taken further in Britain than in most parts of the Continent, with the consequence that our proportion of woodland to farmland and open country has been small for several human generations. Now barely 6 per cent. of the country's land surface is under productive woodlands or forests, which is the smallest proportion of all European countries, save one. For comparison it may be noted that France has about 19 per cent. of her land under forest and Germany about 27 per cent. In these circumstances it is scarcely necessary to add that there is not and never has been in this island a healthy forest tradition, a popular tradition of friendliness or sympathy with the forests, comparable with that prevailing in Scandinavia, Finland, Germany, and France.

On the contrary, the last 200 years have seen the development of special tastes both for country of parkland character and for open downs, moorland, and bare mountain. The parkland effect to be observed over most of the southern half of England owes something to the natural development of the countryside with the retention of hedgerow trees (open-grown hedgerow oaks provided useful timber of the kind that naval architects formerly needed), and partly to the landscape-gardening essays of William Kent, 'Capability' Brown, Humphrey Repton, and their smaller imitators.

The taste for open and bare country, much of which had formerly been denounced with such adjectives as 'villainous,' 'dreadful,' and 'horrid,' developed among the romantics, with Wordsworth as a leading prophet, a little after the heyday of the landscape-gardeners. True wilderness has inevitably acquired some scarcity value with the more intensive cultivation of the countryside and

a larger population. None of these influences has helped people to appreciate forests.

It will be relevant here to stress how recent has been the development in this country of scientific silviculture or forestry on any noticeable scale. John Evelyn boasted of the numbers of trees planted as a result of his *'Sylva'* (1664, with later editions in 1669, 1679, 1705, and subsequently) but it may be doubted whether as many trees were planted in the fifty years 1665-1715 as the Forestry Commission now plants in a single year. (The current annual figure is between 110,000,000 and 125,000,000.) In Scotland some of the greater landowners started to plant larch on a useful scale soon after 1740, but in England there were very few conifer plantations of any size before 1800, and few before 1850. Some plantations were made on private estates between 1850 and 1914, but they were most of them small—on the shooting covert standard and intended as much for the improvement of sport as for timber. It was not until 1920,\* when the Forestry Commission started serious work, that modern forestry began to make an impact on the English landscape. Only since that date have Sitka spruce, Scots pine, and Corsican pine been planted in their tens of millions, and only since then have Douglas firs darkened whole valleys.

Nothing is to be gained by understating the difference of interest, from this time on, between the foresters and those who may for convenience be termed country-lovers—in spite of the fact that most foresters also love the country. The foresters, the active side, were charged with the task of growing, as quickly as might be, the timber that would be vitally needed in another war. They were given land which was, for the most part, poor land—much of it so poor that it was producing nothing. They were given meagre funds. And they were told to go to it. They were not much interested in appearances. Their job was, as stated, to produce timber, especially timber for the mines. The country-lovers, fond of their home and holiday landscapes and not much interested in forest produce, saw a ruthless assault being made on different parts of the island's surface: the country's face was being darkened in large patches; the boundary-fence lines were straight and angular and not

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\* For the exact record, the Forestry Commission's first planting was on Dec. 8, 1919—a mere token clump in Eggesford Forest, North Devon.

in sympathy with the skylines or the contours of the hills. Loud was the outcry, nor has it yet ceased. Even a reminder of the losses of life at sea when timber has to be imported during a war was and usually is brushed aside. The country is being subjected to a savage outrage: 'Who lives if England dies?' Greater leisure and longer holidays with more mobility because of cars mean that more people (and this island is now densely populated) can see and enjoy the country, and thus the protests have been more numerous and widespread than they might have been in the period 1830-60.

Enough has perhaps been said of the historical background. The popular distaste for the appearance of modern forests is not, in the circumstances, difficult to understand. Further, many foresters would concede that, if they had the time over again, they would be more careful about appearances than they were in the early years. Also, knowing what they now know, they might abstain altogether from planting some of the higher and more difficult ground. Probably there might also be a greater use of mixtures, and certainly quick-growing conifers would not have been planted on the few patches of good valley land (usually old woodlands) that came to the State. Here hostile critics may sometimes make a damaging point against modern forestry, but the point is effective not because the observers dislike the appearance of the conifers, but because beech or some other hardwood would have been a better choice for the site on economic and ecological grounds.

But there is a danger of over-simplification. It is not only that conifers are disliked. Even beech and oak may displease when planted by the foresters of our time. There are protests against straight lines, the regimentation of trees (why does no one complain about the regimentation of the bricks in the walls of his house?), about even-aged plantations, and about monoculture or the growing of one species pure instead of in intimate mixture with others. And here some distinction must be drawn between the appearance of woods and forests as parts of the landscape, when seen from a hilltop or from a car driven along a main road, and their appearance from inside, when seen by a walker along a forest path. So far as forests in the landscape are concerned, the shape of the plantation may

matter, and the lay-out of fire-traces and major roads, and the species—whether they be round-headed deciduous trees or pointed evergreen conifers. But the finer details, such as the density of stocking or the relationship of boles to branches, are of little or no account. Even the question of whether the trees are planted in straight lines becomes of very slight importance after the first or second thinning—or say after the trees are twenty years old. But the man who looks at the interior of a modern forest (which will certainly be under thirty-five years old and probably under twenty-five) is faced by something so different from the romantic wild wood (such as the older, neglected parts of New Forest, Savernake Forest, Epping Forest, and many home-counties woodlands) which he probably loves that he may well be aghast. In the old woods little or no order is visible and there is much variety and often plenty of open space—partly because these forests were usually not managed carefully for timber-production. This traditional type of a woodland rarely carries more than quarter of a fair crop, by modern standards, and often much less.

In contrast, most modern plantations are orderly and uninteresting—to the non-forester. They consist of straight lines of trees, probably all much alike and all the same age, standing very dense upon the ground. Indeed, they are planted at about 2,000 to the acre, and even after several thinnings there will be more than 500 to the acre, since the final crop of well-grown trees of over sixty years of age may be over 300.

At later stages the modern type of plantation develops more features of interest and becomes lighter and less depressing, but it remains very different from the romantic wildwood. The non-forester rarely looks much at the boles of trees, and a fine straight bole does not usually interest him: he is interested in branches and colour and leaves and in 'picturesque' shapes, as when trees twist or bend. But the first object of forestry is to produce timber in straight boles. It is quite futile for country-lovers to complain as they do about 'forests of telegraph poles,' for good trees ought to be straight, and, if the lower and more valuable lengths are to make the best knot-free timber, they must be clear of branches. The truth is that people who enjoy walking through woods must acquire a new and quite different outlook. They must see that it is

ridiculous to fault a plantation of 1925 for looking quite different from one of 1725 or 1825—as ridiculous as to fault a modern battleship for looking different from the ‘Victory.’ And they may find the change easier if they remember that, though space and spread and irregularity were the chief characters of old woodland, density and order are the characters of modern plantations. The emphasis is always on the vertical lines, and until a man learns to appreciate the rather austere composition of vertical lines, constantly repeated and fading into the distance, he is unlikely to find much pleasure in looking at plantations made by the Forestry Commission. The usual scene has indeed an economy and severity which might be called classical in contrast with the richly romantic variety of ancient deciduous forest.

Incidentally, the difficulties of adjustment, of learning to appreciate the appearance of the new kind of forestry, may perhaps be the greater because of a special national weakness. Writers on aesthetics have sometimes suggested that the English are, when compared with Continental peoples, deficient in a sense of form both in the visual arts and in literature and music. They are stronger in their sense of colour. If this criticism is correct, the emphasis on the form of trees in a forest will leave the observer bored, while the lack of colour and fantasy will seem to him deplorable. This suggestion is offered only as a possible explanation of difficulties: it in no way alters the fact that the adjustment of outlook must be made and the lesson learnt.

Beauty is proverbially in the eye of the beholder, but since that truism is too often forgotten by people who see something displeasing to them, a glance at the subjective side of these problems of forest aesthetics may be timely. A story of John Constable, whose country pictures are almost invariably approved by lovers of traditional types of landscape scenery, may be recalled. The account in Leslie’s ‘Memoirs of the Life of Constable’ runs thus:

‘To a lady who, looking at an engraving of a house, called it an ugly thing, he (Constable) said, “No, madam, there is nothing ugly; I never saw an ugly thing in my life: for let the form of an object be what it may—light, shade and perspective will always make it beautiful. It is perspective which improves the form of this.”’



The doctrine implicit in 'I never saw an ugly thing in my life' is perhaps too hard and uncompromising for general recommendation, yet the words might with advantage be borne in mind. People who make large marks on the landscape (foresters, hydro-electric engineers, and reservoir-builders) are accused of the deadly sin of putting material wealth and comfort (timber, electricity, bath-water) before the spiritual value of beauty. They destroy beauty, it is said, for a mess of pottage. The charge is a difficult one to meet, partly because the main terms evade satisfactory definition and partly because nearly everyone who thinks he has an eye for beauty (and who does not think so?) must feel that sometimes the accusers have a strong case. But here Constable's words are most apt, together with the reminder that the beauty of the countryside, as of most other visible man-contrived things outside the realm of pure art, depends very largely on function or fitness for purpose and on the observer's appreciation of that function. Nor is this functionalist doctrine a novelty of the last thirty years. In 1842 Sir Thomas Dick Lauder observed, 'Fitness or the proper adaptation of means to an end is the great source of the relative beauty of forms.'

Though the great landscape-gardeners, working on a scale of thousand-acre foregrounds and five-mile vistas, achieved a kind of beauty which has been appraised not functionally but as fine art, yet most of the countryside has developed beautifully under economic influences—by reason of men seeking greater material prosperity. To-day, when we cannot afford thousand-acre landscape gardens even if we wanted them, it may be some consolation to recall that fact, together with the words which Eric Gill used as a title for one of his books, 'Beauty Looks After Herself.' If the country is well used by farmers and foresters who know their job, it will be beautiful. But, once again, the observer may require to know something about the object which he is observing. The very trees which the man-in-the-street thinks most beautiful, because of their irregularity of form or their wide-spreading branches or their evident antiquity, are the ones which a forester, with standards based firmly if subconsciously on functionalism, will probably denounce as ugly and horrible.

Many of the distressful protests flow from people who quite misunderstand the nature of the land and life. They

imagine the order of things to be static and they wish to 'freeze' the landscape at some supposedly ideal stage (a certain view as planned by 'Capability' Brown, or, more probably, as they themselves loved it in the impressionable years between four and fourteen), whereas the true nature of the land and life is one of change, or at least it involves many and frequent changes with the passing centuries.

A simple dislike of change is at the root of most of the adverse criticisms of modern forests. Many people who accept the inevitability of changes in clothes or cars or customs feel (feel is the right word, for there is no thinking) that the countryside should not change. Foresters themselves now tend to be cynically wise on one point: even while they hear objections about the planting of some bare hillside with trees, they know that the objectors' grandchildren will protest when the deplorable trees are felled for timber. Until this element of continual change—of change in the use of land in accordance with the change in human needs, of change in the appearance of trees, of the changes made by planting and felling—is appreciated and accepted as part of the nature of things, country-lovers are foredoomed to shocks and pain.

Another difficulty is the automatic 'judgment,' without any critical consideration or attempt at intelligent assessment, that a thing is good or bad. For example, a straight avenue a mile long may be praised as magnificent, Nature's (!) cathedral aisle and so forth; but the straight lines in which foresters plant their trees, to simplify tending operations, are deplorable. If it were not pathetic, one would wish to laugh out loud. A more subtle problem also merits mention. An opponent in discussion once conceded to the writer that his plea for the beauty of economic development was sound *because* the patchwork-quilt effect of fields, viewed from a hill, was seen to be beautiful after the French impressionists had observed and revealed their beauty, and the steel pylons of the electricity grid were seen to be beautiful after Paul Nash had observed and revealed their beauty. These remarks contain a measure of truth, but are we to proceed by an analogical process to a statement that modern forests are not beautiful now, but they will become beautiful when (and not before) a gifted artist persuades picture-lovers that they are beautiful?

This may be the true position, at least for practical purposes, but foresters, untrained in philosophy and theories of beauty, must be allowed to smile.

The complexity of the whole matter may now be apparent. Here is no simple problem in black and white—of Philistine foresters destroying beauty and making gloom, all for material ends, while a handful of disinterested opponents seek to proclaim the greater importance of intangible spiritual values. In truth, the matter is yet more difficult than has yet been suggested.

Even if a forester enjoys an uncomplicated position and can say, 'I will plant with special thought for appearances,' his troubles may have only just begun. The question, What is beautiful? (the idea of beauty being now presumed to be objective), does not always elicit unanimous replies from specialists in the subject, such as artists and professional critics, and there may be disagreement on fundamentals. The down-to-earth forester may find, for example, that one group wants a bold treatment and another a gentle 'naturalistic' treatment. Thus on the one hand a forest may be managed so that it seems to say, 'I am a timber forest and proud of it: look at the height and girth and vigour and straightness of these trees.' Any embellishment in such a scene would consist either of smaller plants (such as primroses and foxgloves) whose very smallness might emphasise the vigour of the trees, or of trees (such as cherries and robinia and red oak) which rank as timber species in their own right and could be grouped in accordance with rational silviculture, consistently with their use as ornaments. On the other hand, a gentler treatment would probably imply more bushes, and no trees seeming to spring suddenly from the bare or nearly bare ground to assert their vigour. The planting of hardwood belts on the sides of roads passing through conifer forests is perhaps a compromise yet it belongs essentially to the gentler school, for the object is not to make beautiful the forest as it really is, but either to hide the reality from the eyes of those who might be offended or to add some superficial colour and variety. Fundamentally, much of the gentler approach is slightly bogus, for there is an element of faking, as if 'art' were applied as an afterthought either to screen or to adorn the real thing. (One may recall the application of false or superficial half-timbering

to twentieth-century buildings.) But, as a general rule, the bogus naturalistic treatment will be preferred by the greater number of people, for they will find it 'easier on the eye' and it accords with their taste for a Birket Foster prettiness. The capacity for perception, even among people who profess to care seriously for landscape, is not high, and men who would immediately detect blatant dishonesty in a building or in music will ask for it in landscape.

An emphatic personal opinion may be interpolated. While a case may be made, here and there, for caution and compromise, for bending a little to the prejudices of people hostile to forestry, foresters had best be honest nine times out of ten. They should grow their trees as if they were proud of them. Conifers should not, as a rule, be screened as if they were something shameful: if a long roadside plantation seems oppressive, let it not be screened but rather be broken at intervals by a few groups of contrasting trees. The general attitude should be strongly positive. People should be offered something to admire, even if admiration is likely to prove difficult. This will not be a short cut to popularity with the opponents of forestry, but it is the better policy in the long run. Even on a short view it is now high time that the general public learnt to appreciate some of the magnificent trees introduced during the last 125 years.\*

This same attitude holds good for the whole process of making new forests. It is true that we are now poor and must grow more of our own timber, but let there be no half-ashamed apology about how or where the timber is being grown. Our new forests should be presented as objects of pride, and the fact that they increase our wealth should be declared. Five and thirty years ago thousands of acres of the much-criticised Thetford Forest were a barren waste, and some of the territory was well described as 'a miniature Sahara.' The change to what now exists—the second largest and perhaps the most productive modern forest in

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\* There is some irony in the situation. In this island foresters plant conifers round Lake Vyrnwy or Thirlmere, and there are outcries and denunciations. Yet when people see the conifer-fringed lakes of Norway, of Central Europe, or of the Rocky Mountains, the beauty of the scene makes them catch their breath and they proceed to collect photographs to show friends at home.

England—is not merely a change for the better. It is a triumph. Further, most of the afforested brecklands are now more beautiful, and even show more variety, than they did in 1920. The misrepresentation of such an achievement, of such enrichment, as spoliation of the countryside merely illustrates the appalling ignorance and stupidity that still exist after three-quarters of a century of compulsory 'education.'

Here, once again, is the subjective side of the problem, with the question of what should be done to help people to appreciate the country's new forests. To say 'Beauty is in the eye of the beholder' and to quote John Constable is not enough. The difficulties are real. The background of history has been sketched and the lack of a sound and friendly forest tradition has been mentioned. Perhaps we are the least 'forest-minded' of all civilised western countries. (During the First World War the French were amazed at the ignorance of English soldiers who could tether their horses to good young poplars and other trees, with the inevitable result that the horses barked the trees and killed them.)

Few of the people who will immediately cry 'Vandalism' if trees are being felled know enough to judge whether the trees are ripe for felling. In places known to the writer there have been protests about the felling of 180-year-old oaks which were already 'going back' or slightly overmature: to have left such trees to rot where they stood (which was apparently the desire of the protesters) would have been vandalism indeed.

Again, there are often complaints about the scale of modern forestry. Why should so many thousands of acres be afforested together or why should a quarter of a county be transformed into a forest? But State forestry is distinct from the management of the shooting coverts on a private estate, and units must be large enough to permit economic management. And it is as proper that suitable territory should consist predominantly of forest as that other territory should consist predominantly of corn lands, or of dairy farms, or of hopfields, orchards, and market gardens.

It is, once again, easy to understand the regrets of some elderly person who sees a well-loved scene being drastically altered by foresters, but the implied alternative—that



thousands of acres should be wasted or relegated to less productive purposes for the sake of appearances—is scarcely tenable. Very few requests for major modifications in silvicultural practice, for appearances' sake, can be seriously entertained. If people asked that aircraft or tanks should be modified on æsthetic grounds they would rightly be regarded as unreasonable: forests, like aircraft and tanks, have their functions to perform, and though the demands of utilitarian efficiency may be a degree less exigent, the first consideration must still be for timber production and not for pure and possibly nebulous æsthetics.

General information on the whole subject of forestry and of the place of forests in this island needs to be more widespread, but it is not so easy to say how or by whom the information should be distributed. To some extent this side of the problem may solve itself, since children growing up in forest areas or seeing young forests during the holidays will probably not have the same antipathies as their parents. In Scotland, where modern forestry has a longer history, there is far more understanding and less hostility than here in England. But it is still desirable that the forests should be explained and 'presented.' The Forestry Commission has excellent exhibits at some of the larger shows, but the press as a whole considers (all too truly) that forestry is not a popular subject, and any forest news will more likely than not consist of reports about protests or objections.

There are already certain trends, and in the future there may be larger developments, which should make modern forests less disagreeable to the man in the street. The Commission is likely to devote more of its energies to the reafforestation of existing woodlands (including some that have hitherto been passed over as 'small woods') and relatively less to the afforestation of great tracts of open grass or heather country. Much beech and increasing quantities of red oak (less exacting than English oak in its soil requirements) are now being used, and the proportion of all broad-leaved trees to conifers, south of an Ipswich-Gloucester line, is now about 50/50—for current programmes. The greater use of poplars, the possible planting on a small scale of such decorative trees (for furniture timber) as the American rum cherry and the London

plane, the use in certain places of birch instead of Scots pine as a pioneer—all these things may help. Concessions that ought to be made and probably are being made now that forestry is allowed a little more money (and is making more money) include more care to obtain accord between boundary-fence lines and the skyline or the contours of hills, and an attempt to 'stagger' the joins between different and contrasting species of trees. (Where, for example, a big V or L of Japanese larch, with arms 500 yards long, cuts into Douglas fir, the effect may suggest a cubist or surrealist composition, which is unnecessary and almost certainly displeasing to 95 per cent. of those who see it.)

Forestry is not without its fashions, and there are indications that the fashion for even-aged, single-species plantations (which were almost inevitable on much of the poor land that was being planted for the first time) may be followed by fashions for mixtures of different trees in groups or belts, and for intimate mixtures managed on the principle of selection forest, without clear-felling. Both these systems of silviculture have a less industrial appearance, and mixed selection forest may look entirely natural to the casual observer.

In conclusion, two 'glimpses of the obvious' may be permissible. First, the question of what should be done for the best when an informed minority knows the right way, or at least has some view of it, and an uninformed majority is hostile, is merely one of the recurrent or ever-present problems of democracy. Second, climates of popular opinion do not, as a rule, change overnight, and some time must be allowed for people to become accustomed to the sight of large blocks of forest and to pick up a few scraps of information about the whys and wherefores, the aims and objects, of large-scale silviculture. The opposition to modern forestry between 1920 and 1960 will probably seem, thirty or fifty years hence, as ludicrous as some oppositions of the past (to microscopes, to railways, to chloroform) seem at this present time.

J. D. U. WARD.

Art. 9.—EDUCATION AND THE RURAL COUNTRY-SIDE.

WE rural people do not altogether trust the new education system. Whoever invented it, it does not appear to us to have come from the rural countryside.

Before the war, we did think the time had come when there should be alterations. For instance, we knew that at least some of our children were prevented from entering grammar and secondary schools because they contained too many pupils who did not have to sit for their 'scholarships.' We did think it right that everyone should have to pass a scholarship examination to get into a grammar school, because there could then be no argument about those who failed, whether they came from moneyed families or not. We agreed that those lads who had the brains to get into such schools should be able to do so, because we knew that that kind of education would befit the selected few for the higher jobs in life: the professions mostly, or if a lad was above average, but not quite clever enough for the professions, those executive positions which come between them and manual work.

Apart from the obvious evils, we had little quibble with the old scholarship examination system. It seemed to us that our rural lad with brains stood the same chance as his town cousin, and when we got through to the secondary schools, the number of rural lads we found there satisfied us that the system worked out reasonably fairly—except for the obvious grievances of course. Also, our local schoolmaster, a man who was neighbour, friend, and adviser to most of us, knew our backgrounds with wonderfully human insight. He was quick, indeed, to pick out those from his school who his experience told him were likely candidates for further education, and quick to come round and tell us so, or to discuss the ways by which we might encourage, or try to overcome the question of expense. In this latter, of course, he could not always help, nor always could we; as I said before, we realised the need for alterations.

Having realised all this we were, and still are, aware of another fact, regarded by many people to-day as an old-fashioned notion, and typical of the 'rural mentality' which appears so much to try to stand in the way of 'progress.'

It was that our 'betters' were in general the people with the money. The fact that, however out of favour their business methods have become since the war, they could build themselves better positions where we could not, seemed to us proof of their superior intelligence. Whereas we were beginning to think previous to the war that all children should, in order not to frustrate the intelligence among ourselves, take the same chances with a general scholarship examination, we hardly expected the stock of the 'better off' families to fail.

The new education system has, in general, done much to prove that there is something in this idea, because to-day, when the child of this class of person takes his chance with others, he does not generally fail. He remains in the grammar school in about the same numbers as during the days when his father's position and money talked.

The third point, whatever the rightness or the wrongness of it, is that in further education with a view to the professions and executive careers, most of us thought of our lads and not of our daughters. While we were not actually *against* our daughters being able to take advantage of a better education if they showed promise—although some of us were, and still are—we did know that modern women differ little from women of countless ages past, in that they are more interested in homes and children and husbands than they are in careers. In view of our meagre resources, therefore, we did incline to think that further education for our daughters was a risk and might even be a waste: and was anyhow not as important as the education of our lads, who would need it, married or not.

Apart from this there is much in the rural mind which even to-day finds itself in sympathy with some feelings towards education which our fathers, even our grandfathers, had. If you will allow me, I would like to quote a character who lived sixty years ago, and who appears in my country chronicle 'My Father Before Me.'\* He said:

'I can't help thinkin', sir, as if a lad can't learn to read and write by the time he's twelve, sir, he won't do it by the time he's twenty-and-twelve.'

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\* Published Hutchinsons, spring, 1953.

Further:

' You know what I thinks, sir ? I thinks that accordin' to the turn of a man's mind, so he'll make his way in life. . . . If he wants summat different, he'll bide his chance and he'll be different. . . . '

And again :

' Twelve year old is late enough, in my opinion, for strong lads to be shut up in four walls learnin' stuff they might never want to use.'

Of course, such an attitude *is* old fashioned and in general unsound in the light of things as they are to-day. But the countryman believes that we ought not to overlook the element of soundness in it. Indeed, the countryman thought there was much soundness in it before the advent of qualification for employment by certificate rather than by practical experience. He knows well enough, as we all must know in our hearts, that while the gaining of a certificate does show something, personal development of aptitude to a way of life is much more reliable and dependable for us all than all the study of increasingly irrelevant material entailed in the gaining of modern certificates.

That, precisely, is the idea in which the modern education system has its roots—but there is this fundamental difference between its approach and that of the countryman. The countryman believes that personal development and aptitude are fed by other forces besides 'intelligence,' and that while this process can be aided by persons outside himself, it is something which cannot be standardised or assessed sufficiently for anyone to say, 'This child should be trained in such-and-such a way for such-and-such a way of life.' 'You know what I thinks, sir ? I thinks that accordin' to the turn of a man's mind, so *he'll* make his way in life.'

It is 'he' who is important, not the views of the county psychiatrist about him. It is *he* who will decide for *himself*, of course with the help of those who know him and whom he trusts, which way *he* shall take, and to do this he must not be classified or directed along channels by all-wise strangers who have a few hasty opinions upon a piece of paper about him and who have been in contact with him but a few moments.



Under the old system of scholarship examination, the ideal of being, within accepted limits, the master of one's own fate seemed very prominent. The countryman cannot see that this ideal exists very effectively under the new system, and to him the signal proof of this fact lies in the presumption of the 'intelligence test.'

We country people do not like the 'intelligence test.' We do not believe it is sound. Intelligence seems to us but a part of us, and in any case cannot be measured unless you know well the place where we come from, something about our ancestry, our environment, our way of life, and a hundred subtle influences which have made us as we are. If we have need of those who study the human mind, we feel we are quite capable of going to them for their help on our *own* initiative or upon the advice of those whom we know and trust. Too often, when we have managed to remove the mass of medico-psychological jargon with which this new science is afflicted, we find basically the same advice upon our problems which we heard in simple directness from the lips of our parents and grandparents. Surely the time to try and assess the intelligence is when there is something obviously wrong with it? Is it really true that human judgment is no longer regarded as a reliable factor in the handling of human beings? Is it really true that the 'intelligence test' is the all-important guide, whereas the feeling of one decently developed human soul for another is not?

We country people think that the engine within ourselves may *appear* to have measurable powers and measurable limits, but *we* are the users of that engine, and believe that we receive our powers and our impulses from sources which no man can measure or ever understand. Psychiatrists themselves admit that they have no concrete definition of what 'intelligence' is. The wholesale application to our national life, therefore, of material intelligence tests, just as if we were all robots unlikely to move outside a certain sphere, is to our mind a dreadful mistake, certain to lead us to disastrous errors if accepted.

The whole business of selection for certain types of school in which the intelligence tests play so great a part is something which rural people instinctively cannot accept. The spiritual quality of rural life, while no longer shown by

organised religious activity to any marked degree, is deeply ingrained in the countryman, and while there are fields and wild creatures and woods is ever likely to be. We are not prepared to give ourselves up to what we regard as pedlars of psychological theory trustingly and with malleable confidence : there are other, simpler, people who know us far better—our local parson, our local schoolmaster, and others who have to do with our activities as children. Most important to us of all of these are, of course, our parents, who, while notoriously unable to judge us without parental bias, certainly know far more about us than any psychiatrist, but who now, as far as education is concerned, find their influence with their own children entirely overruled.

The system of education previous to the war was something we could understand. We could trace it, despite its injustices, from the leaders of the land right back to the village school : from modern times right back to the days when grandfather paid twopence a week for his schooling, and that right back to the ages of experience and history which have sprung, peculiarly in England, from the soil beneath our feet. Always we country folk have lived in a world of *things* : not so much of ideas. Ideas, especially social ideas, have almost always come to us from the ferment of mental activity so typical a feature of close-packed human communities, as in urban areas, and we have hitherto only accepted them when we have been able to modify them by our contact with the soil and all its apparent meaning to us. We are not therefore revolutionists, only improvers.

This craze for psychology we cannot but see and feel is much overbalanced. When we are asked to place our children in the hands of such people as those who tell us 'Your Johnnie may not be able to read and write properly even if he is twelve : but you are wrong to worry, he'll start *when he wants to*,' it seems not only revolutionary, but plain dangerous to Johnnie, because as his parents we know him well enough to realise that left to his own devices it is extremely unlikely he ever will want to. We think that it is high time this mad craze for psychology was brought to an end, and the matter relegated to proper and useful proportions within the experience of humanity. It should certainly not, to our minds, be applied on the nation-wide

scale that it is, until it has digested its own revelations and turned itself into a really tangible science. To allow its questionable influence to play so large a part in the building into life of our defenceless children seems to us alarming and dangerous in the extreme.

We are not without support in this view by a very great number of teachers themselves, particularly in the rural areas. The ideal position in order to comply with the new Education Act is to have primary, secondary, technical, and modern schools all in separate buildings, or all in separate sections of the same 'multilateral' type of building. In the rural areas, of course, this cannot very often be done. As a makeshift measure, therefore, until proper centres have been built and transport arrangements made, the village school must itself be primary, technical, and modern all in one, and must also be arranged so that pupils will be able to take advantage of what training they can get in order to pass if possible the selection board at the age of eleven for the grammar school. True, ideally there is supposed to be no training for this selection; but whatever the ethics of modern education, the grammar school is still regarded as a higher type of school than the technical and modern, and so great is the social prestige of the grammar school, so much better in the social sphere the occupations a grammar school pupil expects to take up, that it is the senior school in actual fact. Accordingly in urban areas much training is done, and quite a good deal by means of sample selection test papers bought by anxious parents who train their children at home.

How farcical is this situation! What an utter denial it is of the aims of our educationists, who would have us believe that the selection is purely a test for *aptitude* of the three types of training to follow, and which is arranged in such a way that the results are reliable whether there has been training for it or not! Practical results show, and our teachers will freely tell you a fact which is obvious to anyone with a little common sense, that 'practice makes perfect' and those who have been able to practise pass in greater numbers than those whose parents and teachers have loyally abided by the authorities' injunction not to have a 'scholarship class.'

So Johnnie must forgo any hope of special attention in

this matter in his rural school: the headmaster and his assistant teacher are hopelessly trying to divide perhaps one hundred and fifty children into primary, technical, and modern groups, these often in rows of desks one behind the other in the same classroom, frequently being dealt with by the same teacher at the same time. The technical and modern scholars have frequently no alternative but to stay on at the village school, because whereas there are places for grammar-school-type children, in many counties technical and modern schools for rural areas exist only on paper! The position all too often deteriorates into the harassed master and his assistant concentrating upon the children up to the age of eleven in the hope of getting some of them to pass selection for the grammar school, and those who do not pass, and must stay at school until they are fifteen, are often left largely to their own devices.

Of course, we must hope that this position will in time be alleviated by the building of proper technical and modern centres, the increase of teaching staffs, and the working out of transport. We must hope. It is quite clear that our ability to obtain material for advanced school building rests these days upon a proper exchange of commerce between cooperative nations. No one nation can hope to make a quick improvement in its material affairs independently of a settled international situation. When will this come about? In our time, in Johnnie's, or in Johnnie's children's time? And then, again, where it has been possible, county authorities, realising the hopelessness of trying to divide small country schools into separate sections, have closed the schools and arranged for the village children to attend a nearby urban centre where organisation under the new Act is more practicable. And so we countryfolk see the extraordinary paradox of an outcry because of school accommodation shortages, while our own village school stands empty with its black windows staring across overgrown grounds! It may be that the building is out of date, but not as out of date as some of the cottages we countrymen live in!

But perhaps the most disturbing point with regard to the new education system from the view of the countryman is that if and when the Education Act is implemented as it is meant to be, few seem to have taken much account

of the effect it will have upon our rural society. We think that we, more than any other section of the nation, have for many centuries done great service to our peoples here and abroad by the very proximity of our feelings and way of life to that root of all life—the soil. Particularly during the last few centuries, when humanity has been swept by organised ideals, we countrymen have been in no small measure responsible for preventing these ideals from growing into the giant vehicles of evil we have lately witnessed in Europe and the East. We have done this by the mere fact that, to suit the English people, we have hitherto seen to it that all new social and political ideals are brought down to—earth. We have been able to do it because we are still a very telling factor as a group of people within our nation, and our support is therefore always necessary for the successful implementation of Government actions. No such action is ever likely to have our support unless we see how it follows on from the centuries of living and experience which have made our rural way. We have been able to do it because, even in the face of the industrial and scientific revolution, we have retained to a very remarkable degree our familiar pattern of life based upon family and human lines.

In this latter we have retained, and insist upon, the paramount importance of the human being. Persons of note and exceptional ability we still depend upon in the village: we look still to the good which is spread among us from a well-developed human being, and it is upon his personal character, not the organisation to which he belongs or represents, that we depend perhaps more than we realise or would be willing to admit. The parson or priest, the schoolmaster, the better-off families, the farmers and local businessmen—without their influence our villages would deteriorate to barrenness indeed. Because these people are themselves rural, while we have much to say against their methods of securing their own ends at times, we do know that they, like us, are generally independent thinkers, and not sheep who follow the flock guided by those idealisms which we view with so much misgiving. They remain still, consciously or unconsciously, the guardians of our heritage, and hitherto that heritage has passed securely to young Johnnie, who would take it up as the older people began to fail.



What happens to Johnnie now? The village schools stand empty in slowly increasing numbers; the body of influential rural men no longer plays any part in Johnnie's education. He has gone to the nearest urban centre, where he is taught mostly by people who prefer the urban life to the stillness and reality and close proximity with the soil of the countryside. He is in a world where the slow, methodical turning over of problems, the sound, slowly reached conclusions will handicap him. He must, if he will benefit by the new way of life, be able to reach quick decisions: he must 'smarten himself up' if he is to compete with his quicker-thinking urban comrades. *Could not at least a percentage of grammar-school places still be left as scholarships to be gained by the hardworking, slow-thinking, but thorough lad of twelve who under the present system 'fails' at eleven?*

If not, he must, in a word, become 'urbanised': he must fit into the same pattern as the others. Later, he becomes 'streamed' into three main 'groups,' these substreamed into further 'groups.' Looking far ahead into his life, it does seem that he is being conditioned to fit in with the increasing tendency of modern Governments to administrate through theories about groups of people, rather than by the old English ideal of individualism. His ability to assert himself against political and social mass idealism cannot, surely, be as strong as that shown until now by the products of the village school and the rural countryside. When we consider the grim results of mass administration in Europe during the last few years we ought, surely, to stop and consider if the old rural refusal to 'move with the times,' of which the village school and its governors is one of the central factors, is really a stumbling-block to our progress, or a necessary brake upon those grandiose ideas which, given their head, might and indeed will change the sturdy pattern of the English way of life out of all recognition, and which in other parts of the world have brought the heritage of great nations down into ruin and chaos.

I would like now to put forward an idea which, even if only partly acceptable, shows clearly what a mistake it can be to apply psychological science as fundamentally we do in the new education system, at this present stage in its

development. If we must have mass administration and the application of psychological ideas over 'group' areas, should we not give some thought as to what exactly a 'group' should be?

In dealing with the psychology of any nation of peoples, it is very quickly apparent to the researcher that he is dealing not with a national psychology but national psychologies. It is of course general knowledge that there are obvious difference in peoples within the British Isles: the two Scottish types, the North of England, the East, the South, the South-West, and the Irish. I am, of course, particularly conversant with that part of the South we call the West Country, because I am a West Countryman myself: so, if I may, I would like to take the West merely as an example of what I mean by a 'group.'

The sister-counties of the West, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somersetshire, Devon, and to some extent Cornwall, have a quite distinctive 'national psychology' of which we become increasingly conscious, as is shown by the large number of publications which cover the West Country and by the fact that we have our own radio station at Bristol, which has played a tremendous part in making us aware of our common culture. The more obvious 'national' traits in the West Country are our intense individualism, our conservatism, our slowness of thought. Enough has already been said in this article to show, I think, that the idea that we are too stupid to 'move with the times' is erroneous: we have far deeper motives than mere obstinacy. We not only hate to be treated as a mere unit in a mass of people, but we also dislike anything in the nature of revolutionary changes. Our slowness of thought we believe to be a valuable asset to our national welfare, because, if we do take some time to reach a decision, we can feel sure that the decision once reached is sound. Speed is not our flair, but soundness is.

We are, therefore, mostly appalled at the apparent need for speed if our Johnnie is to succeed in these intelligence tests and selection tests with which the new education system is bedevilled. There is no speed at our village school, and how well our village schoolmaster knows our reaction if he does not allow us to take our time. We become irritated, flustered, barren of all coherent thought, and finally obstinate. But, given our time, our local

schoolmaster would be the last to suggest that our retentive powers and our abilities to come to sound conclusions were defective because we are a long time in our ways : he, more than any other, knows our reliability once we have made up our minds. He would perhaps in our defence point out the widespread complaint that the education selection tests allow far too many 'smart' lads through to the grammar schools who, once they are there, find that they are not, after all, the right temperament to benefit overmuch by an academic education. *Where, then, are the pupils who should be in the places of these smart lads, and who could benefit from that type of training?* Only individual schoolteachers in technical and modern schools, and in particular the rural schools, can tell you that.

Even further, the researcher into the psychology of the British peoples will find that, although areas like the West have general trends, there are pocket areas with physical and mental peculiarities quite different from the general trends. Owing to what is in many cases a little broken connection between modern rural peoples and ancient races who settled the areas centuries ago—in the Meon Valley, for instance, we still have families with Meon-warish names—we find *individuals* whose appearance and mentality recall a past race of local people who often, strangely enough, were credited with physical and mental traits quite similar to these individuals. In adult life there appears to be, in general, a tendency for differing individuals of the same family to take up occupations not dissimilar to the general activities of the races which my fancy makes me think they might resemble : our field workers so often remind one forcibly of ancient Saxon farming communities ; our poachers and men who turn to the woods for a livelihood are so often the sharper-featured, darker individuals who remind us of earlier races still. This may be carrying things too far, but one is inclined to suspect that differing races which combine through time to make the whole do not admit very readily to a common stock, but rather transmit their peculiarities from generation to generation through individuals, yet hardly ever to a common degree in each person. More than ever one must surely be thoughtful of such an idea when we see the behaviour of British types in time of war. It seems then that conflict awakens in the least of us

powers pre-Christian and primitive, powers in which all our warrior ancestry seems to come forward and make us so formidable.

If there is some fact at least in these ideas, they show more than ever how hopelessly the tendency to administer rural peoples by the mass must break down. I think enough has been said about rural people to show why it is that at present we prefer the old system of education prior to the war, even with all its evils ; for then each child could individually make his own way into the higher schools if he was able, and each parent, friend, or schoolmaster could help him to do it by encouraging him to work hard, to develop his strength of purpose ; and that, together with the many influences of the rural way of life, would help him to retain and strengthen, not to lose, his individuality. If he passed his scholarship examination, he did it by his own achievement. He was not 'selected' by means of some remote table, formula, or theory—he did it himself, and that, we believe, is how it should be.

Perhaps there has been a tendency to over-dramatise my theme, for fortunately our children are, at the moment, in fairly safe hands. Most of our head teachers come from those who have been trained in pre-war years, and it would be wrong to say that all those who have been trained since the arrival of the new scheme are entirely taken up with its more peculiar ideas.

If Johnnie is fortunate enough to be able to overcome the handicap of attending at a rural school and be picked for grammar school, he will find there many friends among the staff who will understand him and, as far as possible, with overcrowded classes and far too heavily burdened curriculum, give the individual attention which those who can try to give their separate pupils, in addition to the general class approach. He will find many wise Heads who do not neglect his technical abilities, who see to it that he still is able to make an all-round development. Similarly, in the technical and modern schools there remain yet the greatest number of head teachers who attend to the pupils' academic possibilities as well as to their more secular assets ; and in the primary schools, particularly in the rural areas, head teachers continue to ingrain into their pupils first and foremost the tools of all learning—the three R's.

These head teachers are busy striving to modify the requirements of the new Act in just the way we rural folk would wish them to do. They certainly make use of the intelligence tests, but in their final count they rely a good deal more upon their own years of experience and human judgment. They work out their curricula so that the new ideas correlate with and are an improvement upon the old, tried methods. They resist the stunt-mongers who seek to be engaged upon their staffs, and keep a wary eye upon those teachers under their control who specialise in the new methods.

In the course of my researches for this article, I was most profoundly impressed by the fact that the teaching fraternity seems blessed with perhaps the most balanced outlook in the country. There seems to be a generally high sense of responsibility to their charges and to the future of our peoples. In their persons they do everything they can to counteract the materialism of the day, and to instil into our children by example and training their duties as human beings and as citizens of a great nation.

Despite all this, it becomes increasingly clear that as the Government administers more and more of our professional and industrial life, more and more human contact and judgment are lost, more and more appointment by certificate encouraged. At the moment the 'smart Alec,' the quick responder, the certificate-getter has the advantage through school and in subsequent public life over what we rural folk consider to be the more thorough, slower-thinking, sounder lad. We can only hope that the influence of those teachers who insist upon an all-round steady development based upon the three R's will eventually break down and modify the experiments of the psychology-pedlars to something we can all see the sense in, by which we can all benefit, and which will not attack the dependability of the rural lad. But these types of teacher cannot live for ever—although when I at the age of thirty-four revisit my old secondary school I sometimes wonder if they can!—and should their sound common sense fail to make its mark upon future generations of teachers, the situation is fraught with doubt indeed.

NORMAN L. GOODLAND.



## Art. 10.—BLACK-AND-WHITE TEWKESBURY.

1. *New History of Gloucestershire, &c.* By Samuel Rudder. Printed by Samuel Rudder, 1779. Folio.
2. *The History and Antiquities of Tewkesbury.* By W. Dyde. 2nd edition, 1798. Printed by the Editor and sold by G. Wilkee, Paternoster Row.
3. *The History of Tewkesbury.* By James Bennett. Printed by James Bennett and sold by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green, Paternoster Row. London, 1830.
4. *Tewkesbury: The Story of Abbey, Town and Neighbourhood.* By J. F. B. Bradley-Birt. Worcester. Phillips and Roberts, Ltd., Printers and Publishers. 1931.

BEAUTIFUL black-and-white Tewkesbury: nowhere in England can one recapture so convincingly what seems the authentic atmosphere of the Middle Ages! The impression is created no doubt by the age-old Abbey, with its tower—a perfect square of forty-six feet—rising to a height of no less than one hundred and forty-eight to the tops of the pinnacles. But there are other influences at work. The feeling that we are in an immemorial England of legend and romance is further heightened by numerous half-timbered houses, each different in design from its fellows, and that not in the main streets only. One lights, with all the joy of an explorer, upon architectural jewels in the most unlikely places. In so narrow a by-way, for example, as Tolzey Lane stands one of the most beautiful houses in all this town, where beautiful houses are the rule rather than the exception.

In one of these by the 'Cross,' the last Lancastrian Prince of Wales was stabbed to death by Edward IV and his brothers Gloucester and Clarence, after the bloody battle which takes its name from this town. Though desecrated by a modern shop-front, this building, which is now a baker's, has preserved the rest of its façade entire. The 'House of the Golden Key' has three projecting stories which are further overhung by two gables. Though dating back to earlier times, this building, which its dignity forbids one to term 'quaint,' was later a Georgian coach office. 'Tudor House' has no fewer than fourteen windows which look down upon the High Street. Its

primitive oak door still survives. It is said to have been damaged by Jacobite rioters on the accession to the throne of George I. Under James I it served as a court of justice, and the mayor's parlour, a handsome panelled room with open fireplace, is still called by this name. The earlier history of this house is not recorded. The names of not a few of these ancient buildings verge upon poetry. What forgotten example of ill-will or more active malevolence did 'The Ancient Grudge' once commemorate? There is certainly nothing to suggest spite about the noble woodwork or the hospitable fifteenth-century fireplace. And who shall say what connection with those princely families 'Warwick House' and 'Clarence House' once presumably bore?

Inns and taverns here are no whit less interesting than the dwelling-houses and shops. In a low-ceilinged, oak-beamed room, which has not changed appreciatively since Elizabeth's days, the half-timbered 'Bell' preserves fragments of wall-paintings. It occupies the site of an earlier pilgrim inn. The 'Wheatsheaf' can boast magnificent mullioned windows and a superb doorway; whilst the 'Berkeley Arms' with its neighbour, now—prepare for bathos!—a ham-and-beef shop, present unspoilt examples of the work of the early fifteenth century. At the 'Hop Pole'—with a sublime contempt for the perils of *mixing*, Mr Pickwick and his companions washed down a copious repast with bottled ale, madeira, and port.

Though a devotee of brevity, I cannot forbear mentioning one more of Tewkesbury's ancient inns. On the outskirts of the town as one is making towards Worcester stands yet another imposing black-and-white building, the 'Olde Black Bear': the creature in question being that which, in conjunction with the Ragged Staff, forms the emblem of the house of Warwick. It bears the date 1308: eighty years, that is, before Chaucer composed the 'Prologue' to his 'Canterbury Tales' and one hundred and seven before Shakespeare's 'Harry' fought and won at Agincourt.

The history of this glorious old town is remarkably interesting. Although the Romans built no city here, as at Cirencester and Gloucester, the quantities of Roman coins dug up in 1828 near the Abbey, and at various times from the eighteenth century onwards in the district known

as Oldbury, prove them to have had at least an important settlement. These coins cover the whole period from the first to the fourth century A.D. In 410 A.D. Honorius sent his letters to the British cities releasing them from their allegiance to the Empire; and in 426 A.D. Valentinian recalled the last of the legions.

Invasion, massacre, miseries inconceivable came now upon Europe, but in 700 A.D., after a period of chaos, order was beginning once again to reward the efforts of men of good will. In this year Theoc the Hermit is said to have built a chapel on the banks of the Severn within the precincts of the old Roman settlement. In 715 A.D. he followed this building with a monastery. From the resort of wayfarers to this house of religion, and the necessity of supplying some provision for its inmates, caterers of various types began to arrive on the scene. These were the first citizens of Tewkesbury: the 'bury' or town of 'Theocus'—for so they latinised the hermit's name. Philologists, who rush in where angels fear to tread, will have none of the hermit. From the fact that the earliest church here was dedicated to the Virgin, William of Malmesbury derives the name of the town from *θεοῦ τόκος*—Child of God—to my mind a most unwarranted conclusion. Towns are not named by the intellectuals, and few even of these were in those days acquainted with Greek. I pass by the conclusions of other theorists and, as no evidence has as yet been produced which disposes of him, prefer to accept Theoc as the genuine, if unconscious, founder of the town. The venerable man approaches with gown and staff. His snowy locks and beard are tossed by the breezes which ruffle Severn's stream. He selects the site for his chapel. He searches out stones of a size suitable to its walls. We see him clearly: although, to be sure, it may still transpire that he never existed.

Tewkesbury suffered much in the civil war between Stephen and Matilda. In 1140 Waleran de Beaumont, son of the Earl of Leicester, plundered Tewkesbury of almost everything of value which it possessed, sparing only, at his particular supplication, the goods belonging to the abbot and his friars. Many houses were deliberately burned. But the town rose from its ashes. In days of peace Tewkesbury was uniformly happy in the number of its well-wishers, whose eminent positions enabled them to

translate good wishes into good deeds. Cœur-de-Lion's brother, later to ascend the throne as King John, built a castle upon an eminence beyond the walls, and here he would sometimes reside with his Queen Isabella of Gloucester. This same king, Leland—Henry VIII's librarian and antiquary—notes, 'beyng Erle of Tewksbury by his wife, caussid the bridge of Tewkesbyri to be made of stone.' To the upkeep of this bridge he gave, 'the hole tolle (whole toll) of the Wensday and Saturday marketes in the towne, the which they yet possesse, turnyng it rather holley (wholly) to their owne profite than reparation of the bridge'; a handling of civic finance which appears strangely modern. Amongst other patrons of Tewkesbury were the de Clares, Earls of Gloucester. They extended the city's privileges, whilst their princely hospitality benefited every type of tradesman and craftsman. When the second Richard de Clare kept his Christmas here, he entertained no fewer than sixty knights, presumably with the wives of such amongst them as were married and some at least of their personal servants.

Early in the fifteenth century Tewkesbury achieved eminence as an inland port, and carried on an active commerce with Bristol and other towns on the Severn. But trouble came during the anarchic reign of the boy king Henry VI. We find the City Fathers reminding their sovereign lord that it is their custom to 'carry all manner of merchandize' down Severn to Bristol. But *now* their 'vessels and trows'—or flat-bottomed barges provided with sails—are subject to attack. As they skirt the borders of the Forest of Dean, 'great multitudes of people, and routs of the commons of the said forest,' assail them 'with great riot and strength, in manner of war, as enemies in a strange country.' The wild foresters have plundered their ships 'of all their corn and goods, and have threatened to put them to death if they made any resistance, to the great impoverishment of them all.' They draw the attention of their sovereign lord to the fact that he had formerly sent his letters patent to divers notabilities of the forest, to make proclamation that, 'there should no man of your said forest be so hardy as to disquiet . . . your people passing by the said forest . . . upon pain of treason.'

The petition was read, which is more than petitions are to-day. The result was a new Act of Parliament by virtue

of which the Tewkesbury men might recover from the water-gangsters recompense for 'all such robberies, oppressions, and wrongs.' So far, so good. The leopard has been warned. His crime will be treason if he fail to change his spots. But who was appointed to stand over him and see that he did so we are not informed.

Passing mention only of the Battle of Tewkesbury must suffice, important though this was in bringing to an end, in 1481, that lingering massacre the Wars of the Roses. Suffice it that Edward IV, the usurper, obtained an overwhelming victory over King Henry VI, the *de jure* King of England. Henry was the finer, Edward the more practical spirit. When free from his occasional fits of madness, Henry was enlightened, meditative, far-seeing. But the adroit, dominating, and utterly unscrupulous Edward was perhaps what England needed at that time.

In the year 1573 the men of Tewkesbury—not, we may suppose, in a wholly disinterested spirit—presented Queen Elizabeth's favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, with a silver cup of the value of sixteen pounds. Interceding with divine Oriana, the earl obtained next year for the borough its charter of incorporation. When in 1582 Leicester visited the near-by village of Twynning, Tewkesbury presented him with a gift of sack—cost, 3*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* including the price of two sugar-loaves. Our ancestors loved to mix their sherry with sugar, the warming qualities of which were understandably in request when all travel was on horseback or afoot and exposure to cold and rain an everyday occurrence. Sack or sherry, which Shakespeare represents Sir John Falstaff as quaffing with such gusto, was the typical drink of the 'spacious days.' When Sir Francis Drake anticipated King Philip's aggressive intentions by burning his fleet in his own harbour of Cadiz, amongst other objects of price he bore away two thousand nine hundred butts of sack; which have been joyously reckoned as the equivalent of one million seven hundred and forty thousand modern bottles! And yet his enemies still affect to regard Sir Francis as a puritan.

When the Spanish invasion appeared imminent, a lieutenant was appointed for the town and Tewkesbury put itself into a posture of defence. A levy of 40*l.* was imposed upon the citizens for armour. This was followed by one of 26*l.* upon certain particular men of substance.



Next 28*l.* was demanded for the purchase of bows and the equipping of forty-seven suits of armour with the swords, daggers, and belts pertaining. More musquets then and more armour : 4*l.* 18*s.* A letter from the Queen's Majesty dated from Greenwich, May 12, 1588, requires the Bailiffs of Tewkesbury conjointly with the Mayor of Gloucester to undertake the ' rigging, manning, and setting forth ' of a ship of eighty tons, to be stored with victual for three months. Tewkesbury and Gloucester are forward with this enterprise, but they request instead to be permitted to provide a ship of seventy-five tons and a pinnace of twenty-five : a tender which is accepted. A hot dispute arises between two gallant fellows, Richard Webb and John Niccols, both of whom aspire to the post of captain, ' seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth.' The matter is referred to the Privy Council, which declares for Webb. Total cost to the men of Tewkesbury for their share in providing the ships, and for the charges arising out of them, 46*l.* 14*s.* And there are further expenses for match and powder, to remain in store against emergencies. And now the beacons display their banners of flame upon the Cotswold and Malvern Hills ; the tokens which all have been awaiting with throbbing hearts. Tewkesbury equips in haste a company of forty-seven men to march southward and join with those assembling to oppose the expected landing. A collection made for their expenses amounts to the handsome sum of 120*l.* Hot-headed youth, no doubt, revelled in all this bustle. But fearful burghers, casting up their accounts, must have found the ' spacious days ' uncomfortably constricting.

The Armada is sent packing. The tumult subsides. Corslet and pike are returned to the wall. The year is 1592 ; new trade-routes are being opened up ; and with the prestige of her seamen immeasurably enhanced, England is by way of becoming a rich country. Farmers are setting up cupboards of plate : a thing unheard of in old King Harry's days ! A poet named Shakespeare is drawing full houses with an affecting piece he calls ' Romeo and Juliet.' Stiff with brocade and cloth-of-gold, the Virgin Queen is upon one of her progresses. She is bound for Gloucestershire, to visit Lord Chandos at Sudely Castle. Relieved of the burden of providing belts, swords, daggers, match, powder, musquets, bows, ' armours,' and ships of

war, to lighten his housekeeping expenses, the citizens of Tewkesbury send my lord a hogshead of claret, price 6*l*. If this retail transaction ever came to the ears of Sir Francis Drake, he may have thought of Cadiz and smiled.

No town in England suffered more than Tewkesbury from the conflict between King Charles and his parliament. Standing in its belt of lush meadow lands, it proved a standing temptation to the foragers of both parties. Further, it commands a stretch of Severn easily to be spanned by a bridge of boats; whilst beyond this lay the turbulent loyalties of Wales. And as though these disadvantages were not enough, Tewkesbury occupied the midway point between Crophead Gloucester and Loyal Worcester: that town of magnificent traditions whose citizens have lately suffered a plaque to be set up in commemoration of Cromwell, who sold their ancestors into foreign slavery. Does the lamb venerate the butcher? Have Worcester men such weak memories?

Mindful of the benefits conferred upon their town by a long line of princely donors, the corporation of Tewkesbury was strongly royalist. So too were the considerable families in and about the town. But though the smaller fry of tradesmen were for the Parliament, there was a pleasing lack of fanaticism. Only the proletariat enjoyed its unquestioned prerogative of descrying portents unperceived by savants and philosophers. As he passed over the Cotswold hills a little before dawn with his train of men and pack-horses, the Tewkesbury carrier—*teste* Howell in his 'Familiar Letters'—solemnly deposed to having seen, 'most sensibly and very perspicuously in the air, muskettiers, harnassed men, and horsemen moving in battel array and assaulting one another in divers furious postures.' This language not being that of a carrier, whoever took down the fellow's declaration must have translated it from racey dialect into his own anæmic prose.

It would be tedious to enumerate a tythe of the vicissitudes which Tewkesbury underwent during these troublous times. Having sent the pick of her fighting men to reinforce Gloucester, Tewkesbury had no option but to surrender to the Cavalier Sir William Russell. Having learned that the captured city had supplied the Parliament with 500*l*., Sir William demanded of it the like sum for the King. Fairfax entering Tewkesbury on Sept. 10, 1643,

demands one-twentieth of the property of all Royalists. So Fairfax departs leaving behind him a party of his parliamentary soldiers. These determine, without the faintest provocation, to raid the house of one Bartlett, a country squire of royalist sympathies, though not apparently then in arms. The 'Perfect Diurnal' of Nov. 6-13 thus reports the matter :

' Mr Bartlett was a man so well-beloved in his country for his hospitality, so dear to all sorts of people, especially to the poor for his charity, and those helps which he freely bestowed upon them, that, had not the rebels taken the opportunity of his neighbours being at the fair, the force had been too weak to have plundered the house. In Mr Bartlett's chamber, Scriven [puritan captain, and ex-Mayor of Gloucester ; a rich ironmonger] seized Mrs Bartlett's watch, and there breaking open a chest, took away £600 in money, besides linen to the value of £60 ; in other rooms they found more money, plate, jewels, bracelets &c. . . . In their strict search, they met with Mrs Bartlett's sweetmeats ; these they scattered on the ground, not daring to taste them for fear of poison.'

It was not to be supposed that Tewkesbury should wholly escape the wave of austerity and iconoclasm which swept over England under Cromwell's dictatorship. The Market Cross was pulled down and its stones made use of for repairing the bridge. And though Mars had borne sway for so long, Venus was given uncommonly short shrift.

On Oct. 25, 1654, 'Richard Rogers, blacksmith, and Ann Dabder, singlewoman of Tewkesbury, were apprehended, the woman in man's apparel, for having kept company together at the Seven Stars in Thomas Street, and at Thomas Beak's house on St Michael's Hill, where the said Ann put on the man's apparel, and being both drunk the night before, when they abused the constables with very filthy language. They were ordered to be set upon a horse, back to back, and so to ride, the constable going before them, through High Street, Redcliffe Street, St Thymas (sic) Street and Wine Street—the said Rogers to be set down at Newgate and remain there until he find securities for his good behaviour ; Ann Dabder to be set down at Bridewell, to be whipped, and sent to the place of her dwelling, from tithing to tithing with a pass. Alice, the wife of Thomas Beale, who aided the disguise, to be set in the stocks for being drunk, she refusing to pay five shillings according to the statute on that behalf ; and that she be committed to Newgate for trial at the general gaol delivery for being a

common bawd and entertainer of lewd persons at her house, and prohibited from keeping any longer an alehouse within the city.'

O that these floggers and stockers of women could have learned from the humanistic wisdom of Horace that 'though you throw out Nature with a pitchfork, yet she will come running back'! How much human misery they would have spared! On June 10, 1659, we again find the amorous blacksmith taking equestrian exercise with another lady friend, his servant Katherine Chitty, Roger's face being turned 'towards the tail.' Tewkesbury had never been but half-heartedly puritan, and after the fall of Cromwell's feeble son, 'Tumble-down-Dick,' it displayed far more enthusiasm for the restoration of the monarchy than it ever had for a policy the upshot of which had brought it nothing but anarchy and ruin.

Although Tewkesbury never quite recovered from the Civil War, yet the town was reasonably animated in the days of the third and fourth Georges. A writer of 1830 relates how 'more than thirty stage coaches, including the mails, pass through the town daily, besides a number of waggons, vans, &c.' Happy days when vans and waggons constituted traffic, when pigeons foraged and children played ball in the streets, and the highway code was undreamed of! There were the usual subscription dances and card-parties, and after scrapping the earlier barn and malt-house which had served as makeshift playhouses, an 'elegant little theatre' was built where stars from London, by way of fashionable Cheltenham, would sometimes perform.

On July 16, 1788, George III, Queen Charlotte, and accompanying notabilities paid the town a visit. They saw everything that was deemed worthy of observation and departed amidst 'reiterated plaudits.' That evening Tewkesbury was brilliantly illuminated and, 'without the least irregularity,' all was 'harmony and joy.' On July 26 following, the royal party passed through the town on their way to visit the Earl of Coventry at Croome. A triumphal arch had been erected in their honour decorated with evergreens and flags, whilst the Royal Arms surmounted this painted memorandum:

'King George I before his accession to the Throne was Baron of Tewkesbury.

May the illustrious house of Hanover flourish to the latest posterity.'

An orchestra was stationed near the arch, and no means was neglected which might testify to the joy of all the citizens.

How popular the old man was! The same transformation had taken place with the Hanoverians that had, centuries before, with the Normans. Who more execrated than William the Conqueror or more idolized than Henry V? George I they regarded with suspicion; but George III was beloved of all, their simple, honest, unpretentious 'Farmer George.' They reached us foreigners; we made them English.

And what of Tewkesbury to-day? It has but to develop itself as a tourist-centre to achieve abundant prosperity. It owes its beauty to its never having become in any full sense an industrial town. It has therefore escaped that rage for destruction which doting reformers denominate 'moving with the times.' Should our progressive zealots ever be seized with a lust for 'developing' this backward area—as the Goths and Vandals developed Rome—it is to be hoped that the civic authorities will make a resolute stand against them. So will they bequeath to their posterity those treasures which their ancestors bequeathed to them.

KENNETH HARE.



# Art. 11.—PARANOIACS AND PSYCHOLEPTS: THE LANGUAGE OF PSYCHIATRY.

'People's subconscious selves were emerging, which is always disturbing and sometimes catastrophic.' Claude Houghton, 'The Enigma of Conrad Stone,' 1952.

A STUDY of the language of psychiatry would require a monograph. Some say that it deserves one. But here we are concerned only with a certain number of such terms as have already crept or swept their way, or seem about to do so, into the speech of the merely educated and cultured: that invaluable, often stupidly derided, 'general intelligent public' which does far more than the cliques and the coteries, the highbrows and the hysterics, to maintain both civilisation itself and such fosterers of civilisation as painters and sculptors, musicians and composers, poets and dramatists and other writers.

Psychiatry was taken over by novelists and biographers long before it reached the cinema. The cinema never plunges bravely: long after its seniors, it enters the water, only to paddle timidly: but then, the cinema tries to serve, not 'the general intelligent public,' but merely 'the general public.' I must, however, admit that I heard at a cinema before I read in fiction 'the blessed word' *psychosomatic*, applied to those disabilities of the body (Greek *sōma*) which have been caused by the mind.

In biography the result has often been unhappy; in the novel, occasionally. The psychiatric novel was inaugurated by a Canadian, C. Daly King, author of 'The Psychology of Consciousness' (1932), in his three 'Obelists' novels, 1932-35, and in several others during the later nineteen-thirties. He was succeeded in Britain by Nigel Balchin, whose first notable work in the genre, 'Mine Own Executioner,' appeared in 1945, and in the United States by such a writer as Joseph Franklin Bardin ('The Deadly Percheron,' 1946). Perhaps even more significant in the invasion of English by psychiatry is the use of psycho-analytic terms by novelists not primarily concerned with psychiatry at all: for instance, by 'Edmund Crispin,' from 1944 onwards, in Britain, and by Herbert Brean, since 1948, in America. To commit the cardinal sin of quoting oneself ('So very egocentric,

darling!'): 'The methods of Freud have been experimented with: accelerated for speed-lovers, modified for the squeamish, and simplified for those readers who prefer the reach-me-downs of the circulating-library shelves. The result is—the better the psychiatry, the worse the novel. . . . The genre of the psychiatric novel has yet to evolve a satisfactory *modus operandi*' ('British and American English since 1900,' with John W. Clark).

After that shamelessly inadequate note on psychiatry in literature, I hasten to the subject proper: some of the psychiatric terms known to and even used by the well-informed layman.

The senses of these terms are constantly shifting. I make no attempt to nail down the latest nuances; in a year's, at most two years' time, those nuances will perhaps be dead. But several generalities have to be considered before we can safely deal with psychiatric terms proper. *Psychology*, the science of the mind, has, in its practical aspect, a modern development: *psycho-analysis*, usually restricted to Freud's method and to more recent modifications: in its medical aspect, *psycho-analysis* is called *psychiatry*.

*Psychiatry* is simply the English form of Modern Latin *psychiatria*, a compound of the Greek *psukhē*, mind, soul, and *iatreia*, healing, cure. *Psukhē*, usually and deceptively written *psychē*, became *psyche* in Latin. The *psyche*, variously defined as soul or spirit or mind, is best defined as spirit, provided that we understand the term to include emotion and impulse as well as mind, and soul as well as intellect and emotions.

'You'—any you whatsoever—'do not like to discover evidence of the unnatural extremes to which the human psyche can drive itself': Herbert Brean ('Hardly a Man Is Now Alive,' 1951).

The word *psyche* demands a closer examination. With an admirable terseness, 'Webster's New International Dictionary,' in the great recension of 1934, states the etymology of *psyche*, the Ancient Greek personification of the soul, to be 'Latin, from Greek *Psychē*, *Psyche*, from *psychē*, the soul' and then, at *psychic*, derives *psychē* from *psychein* (better *psukhein*), to breathe. The basic sense of *psukhē* is a blowing, a breath, hence breath in general and

breath as vital principle ; without breath there is no life ; life—in mankind, at least—is expressed in and by mind, emotions, spirit ; breath therefore becomes equated to spirit. Compare, therefore, *spirit* itself, deriving from Latin *spiritus*, which in Late and especially in Church Latin means spirit and (*spiritus sanctus*) Holy Spirit, but in Classical Latin means, predominantly, breath of life or, as in earlier Latin, merely breath ; in Classical and earlier Latin, the soul was denoted by either *anima* or *animus*, the former being slightly the more abstract. Both *spiritus* and *psukhē*, relating to the most important thing of all, very naturally tend to exist in their own rights : only with difficulty and complete uncertainty can either word be traced to an Indo-European stem. Much the same can be said of *breath*, which has far fewer and much less important ramifications.

Between terms peculiar to psychiatry itself and those belonging to the rather wider field of psycho-analysis, there exists a very convenient link : the pair of terms *psychosis* and *neurosis*, which are, of course, common to both. Kept within the bounds of good, as opposed to common, sense, *psychosis* and *neurosis* are paramount terms ; they are also sacred to Freudians and hieratic to psychiatrists, for many of whom they amount to shibboleths. Frequently confused by laymen, *psychosis* and *neurosis* mean respectively ' a mental process ' (psychology) or ' mental disease, especially a derangement ' (psychiatry) and, *neurosis*, ' an activity of the nervous system ' (physiology and psychology) or ' a nervous disorder that, without apparent physical lesion, is functional ' (psychiatry) ; neuroses are sometimes distinguished as *actual neurosis*, e.g. neurasthenia, and *psychoneurosis*, e.g. hysteria. The element *-osis*, deriving from Greek *-ōsis*, signifies a state or a condition, especially either a diseased or at the least a disordered condition ; and the determining part of *neurosis* is *neur-*, stem of Greek *neuron*, a nerve. One speaks of ' a war psychosis,' ' a fear psychosis,' or of ' an anxiety neurosis,' ' a compulsion neurosis.' Even among the best psychiatrists, therefore, it is natural that these two words should sometimes overlap. We laymen are not always quite so stupid as we may seem to be. The adjectives, by the way, are *psychotic* and *neurotic*, both formed upon Greek models but not deriving from Greek words.

Psychiatric terms used professionally and scrupulously by psychiatrists are unexceptionable: a convenience, they comprise a jargon no more objectionable than the jargon—the technicalities—of doctors or engineers, a jargon with a status comparable with that of the learned professions and the skilled trades. The jargon of psychiatry becomes hateful only when it is employed to dazzle laymen; it becomes dangerous only in the mouths of unscrupulous practitioners and pretentious laymen.

The range of psychiatric terms is narrow and their employment even by the medical profession has been general only since two or three years before World War I (1914–1918); yet, perhaps because of the intangibles and imponderables involved, these terms when used out of their proper sociological context form perhaps the most fatuous and certainly one of the most snobbish of vocabularies.

Psychiatric terms fall, not unnaturally, into the two groups, General and Particular. This being a selective, not an exhaustive essay—in short, an essay, not a lexical study or paper—I am reducing the former group to: *Freudian* and *Jungian*—*field*—*margin*, *marginal* and *periphery*, *peripheral*—*unconscious* and *subconscious*—*stimuli* and *reaction*—*subjective* and *objective*: and the latter group, the particularities, to *the ego* and *the id*—*introvert* and *extrovert*—*complex*, whether *inferiority* or *Oedipus*—*fixation*—*repression* and *frustration*—*inhibition* and *exhibitionism*—*depression* and *psycholepsy*—the various *phobias*—*trauma*—*paranoia* and *schizophrenia*—*defence mechanism* and *escapism*—*compensation* and *sublimation*—*projection*—*wishful thinking* and *the death wish*—and, the ambition of laymen and psychiatrists alike, an *integrated personality*.

Sigmund Freud (1856–1939), that Austrian psychiatrist who dominated 'the Viennese School' and who based his theory and his practice upon a study of the unconscious and of the sexual impulses, has given us the adjective *Freudian*, especially in the *Freudian mechanisms*, dealing largely with the partly mental, partly instinctual compromises we all make between the promptings of the conscious and the insidiosities of the subconscious mind. Alfred Adler (1870–1937), another Austrian, belonged for some years to the Viennese group of psycho-analysts, but then seceded and developed his own pet theory, The desire

to dominate is the most powerful of all desires. From him, *Adlerian*.

Carl Jung, however, is a Swiss psychiatrist, born in 1875; he too seceded. The *Jungian* system puts 'the vital impulse,' the desire to live, in the first place: and as a general principle, Jung's is obviously far more fundamental than Adler's, rather more fundamental than Freud's: the instinct of self-preservation in particular and the general, undefined wish to survive ('Life is sweet, brother, life is sweet': 'The most important thing in life is life') are, as every man (and woman) of good sense knows, constant, not intermittent. Jung is the best philosopher of the three: and psychiatrists of the 1950's will probably owe more to him than to Freud, most of whose jungle-ghosts have been laid or, at the lowest estimate, banished to the gibberers' garret where they belong.

*Field: margin and periphery.* One speaks of *the field of attention*, narrower than *the field of consciousness* or the entire range of objects of which one is conscious; the term has passed to psychology from physics. On the *margin* or *periphery* of one's field of consciousness at any waking moment there lie a host of objects (including embryonic intimations, imprecise impulses, faint stirrings of fear) apprehended or felt only very vaguely and remotely: these objects, and the apprehension or the feeling, are said to be *marginal* or *peripheral*. In descriptions of the nervous system, physiologists and others speak of 'the peripheral termination of a nerve': hence the psychiatric application of the term. Etymologically, the basic sense of *margin* is 'edge,' hence 'frontier'; and that of *periphery* is 'a carrying round,' hence 'external boundary' (originally of a circle).

These marginal or peripheral matters link with *parapsychology*, etymologically 'the psychology of the beyond,' and with *E.S.P.* or *extra-sensory perceptions*, perceptive powers not easily explained by reference to the senses. Parapsychology, however, has so far been connected with psychiatry only remotely.

A pair of terms very closely associated with psychiatry is that of *unconscious* and *subconscious*, adjectives used as nouns. Roughly, one is *unconscious*, not conscious, when stunned, in a faint, or asleep; psycho-analysts use it both thus and in the restricted sense 'excluded, by repression,



from consciousness.' Roughly, *subconscious*, under the conscious, less than the conscious, refers to those mental processes of which the *subject*, the agent or, in a different nuance, the patient, is unaware, as in 'a piece of subconscious reasoning'; *subconscious* is sometimes applied to emotions, as in 'He was impelled by a subconscious fear of being cheated.'

*Subject*, an agent, a patient, recalls the complementary *subjective*, predominantly or essentially personal, and *objective*, predominantly—for it can never be entirely—impersonal. Clearly, *subjective* and *objective* belong to all psychology.

More characteristically psychiatric is the phrase *react to stimuli* or *reactions to stimuli*. One responds to a *stimulus* as to a goad: Latin *stimulus*, a goad, originally physical, very soon also moral or emotional: a goad causes one to 'jump to it,' to respond quickly. *Stimuli* are divided into *homologous* (Greek *homologos*, agreeing, being in agreement: *homos*, the same, compounded with *logos*, speech, reason, proportion) or *adequate*, and *heterologous* (Greek *heteros*, other, different, as in *heterodoxy*); strictly, this differentiation applies only to stimuli affecting the nervous system.

Thus we come to a few terms either mainly or, as for most of them, solely psychiatric. Of this selected group, only two—*psycholepsy* and *Electra complex*—have failed to penetrate the vocabulary of laymen; yet even they have reached the more erudite critics.

'His ego suffered,' 'He wanted to boost my ego' and similar statements exemplify the popular use of *ego*. *Egocentric* has, in semi-popular use, been tending to supersede both *egoistic* and *egotistic*; in psychology, *egocentric* means, approximately, self-centred. Psychology equates 'the *ego*' to 'the self'; psycho-analysis confines it to mankind's self-preserving, hence also its self-assertive, tendency and thus differentiates it from *libido* (adjective: *libidinal*, not *libidinous*), mankind's primary motive or driving force, whether derived from the sexual impulse, as Freud maintained, or from the desire to survive, as Jung held. Behind *ego* and *libido* stands the *id*, that mass of fundamental tendencies from which spring the tendencies psychiatrists call *ego* and *libido*. This psycho-analytical sense of *id* may have developed from the bio-

logical sense : in the latter, the Germanicism *id* abbreviates *idioplasma*. Popular usage, as often as not, omits *libido* and speaks of 'the *ego* and the *id*,' with the approximate meaning 'an individual's conscious personality, especially his conscious thinking, and (the *id*) his instincts, especially his instinctive impulses.' *Libido* comes, like *ego*, straight from Latin, where it denotes all desire but, particularly, sexual desire ; and psycho-analytical *id* represents the Latin neuter pronoun *id*, it. This Latinism, probably 'coined' by Freud, serves to internationalise the German *es*, it, or rather *Es*, the 'it' of psycho-analysis.

It is, however, Jung who has devised the complementary terms *introvert* (abstract noun : *introversion*) and *extrovert* (abstract : *extroversion*), with variants *intravert* and *extravert*. Whereas the former person, literally 'turned inside,' tends to live inwardly, to find his deepest satisfactions in things of the mind, for instance in fancy and imagination, and in things of the spirit, for instance by the exercise of his religion, the latter, literally, 'turned outside,' tends to live outwardly, to find his greatest pleasures in externalities, for instance games or sex or the exercise of his trade or craft or profession. The dreamer and the idealist are introverts, the 'hearty' is an extrovert. But most of us are sometimes introvert, sometimes extrovert : predominance, not exclusion, determines the type.

Without being in any sense or to any degree complementary, although parallel, to *introversion* and *extroversion*, are *inhibition* and *exhibitionism*, the former connoting an excessive self-restraint, the latter an excessive self-display : a holding-in and a holding-out. *Exhibitionism* belongs to general psychology, *inhibition* to psychiatry. The latter bears, indeed, two main senses, as in 'the inhibition of anxiety by the cultivation of devil-may-care,' a deliberate restraint, and in 'to obtain artistic freedom by ridding oneself of inhibitions,' the restraints imposed by early training and by habit. Compare *repression*, a 'pressing-back,' the banishment, by one's ego, of an impulse or even a desire unacceptable by the ego and its consequent relegation to the subconscious mind, where it may become more dangerous than if it had been frankly admitted. Compare also *frustration*, rather the baffling than the outright, manifest defeat of one's designs or desires. 'When you say

people are "frustrated," you mean they're emotionally unemployed,' as a very perceptive author, Michael Innes, has remarked in his 'thriller,' 'A Private View,' 1952. *Frustration* is an abstract noun, built upon *frustrat-*, the stem of *frustratus*, past participle of *frustrare*, to render useless, to deceive, to frustrate, a verb deriving from the adverb *frustra*, in vain. Roman etymologists related *frustra* to *fraus*, a wrong done to someone, hence specifically fraud or deceit: and they may well have been right; at least, no modern scholar has proved them to be wrong.

Different from yet oddly akin to *frustration* is *fixation*, from Medieval Latin *fixatio*, oblique stem *fixation-*, a fixing, and the more recent verb, *fixate*, usually explained as derived from Latin *fixus*, past participle of *figere*, to drive in, e.g. a stake or a nail; occasionally explained as from Medieval *fixare* (itself from *fixus*), past participle *fixatus*; but probably explained best as a back-formation from *fixat(ion)*. In psychiatry, *fixation* means specifically a fixing, or stoppage, of immature desire upon a natural yet unsuitable person, or even object, as in *mother fixation*; a person suffering thus from an arrested development of sexual or potentially sexual desire is said to be *fixated*, as in 'He is *fixated* upon his mother' or, more colloquially, 'He's mother-fixated.'

Obviously akin to *mother fixation* and *father fixation* are the *Oedipus complex* and the *Electra complex*. In the former, a boy is excessively attached to his mother and is also hostile, often very stupidly hostile, to his father; in the latter, a girl is excessively attached to her father and hostile to her mother. The former has been named after Oedipus (Greek *Oidipous*, of which the first element represents *oida*, I know), who, in Classical Mythology, unwittingly married his mother; the latter, after Electra ('the brilliant one': feminine of *elektōr*, an adjective), who was most affectionately, but in no way reprehensibly, attached to her father, Agamemnon.

To the layman the three best-known complexes are *persecution complex*, *guilt complex*, and *inferiority complex*. An *inferiority complex* denotes, for psychiatrists, the entire range of one's ideas and feelings about personal inferiority, not merely, as the ignorant think, the abnormality arising from a *suppressed* sense of inferiority. But then *complex*

(Latin *complexus*, a noun formed from *complectari*, to embrace, hence to comprise : *com-*, with + *plectere*, to weave or twist) does not, except to the ignorant, mean 'an abnormal feeling or group of feelings' : properly, it means 'the entire field, or set, of ideas and feelings about a particular person or object or emotion'—for instance, one's personal hero, one's home, one's ambition ; it refers to the entire system of thoughts, emotions, and, indeed, memories. This psycho-analytic sense derives from the general psychological sense exemplified in 'a new complex of habit' (Whitehead). Admittedly, psychiatrists have increasingly narrowed 'system' to denote either a repressed or a subconscious system—sometimes a system both repressed and subconscious—and to understand this narrowed system as one which, unknown to the subject, controls or goes far towards controlling his life.

From certain complexes to *manic depression* is but a short step, for this type of depression has in it something resembling *mania*, a word connected with *mind*. The adjective is *manic-depressive*. Compare *psycholepsy*, an access of despair combined with *accidia* or mental inertia ; adjective, *psycholeptic* ; subject of the access or attack, *psycholept* : words formed on the analogy of *nympholepsy*, an access of obsessive enthusiasm seizing a man infatuated or possessed by a nymph—of *nympholeptic*—and of *nympholept* (Greek *nympholeptos*), the victim of this 'fate worse than death.' The elements *-lepsy*, *-leptic*, *-lept* derive from the Greek *lambanein*, to take, grasp, seize.

Here the *phobias* naturally fall into place. Roughly a *phobia* (adjective *phobic*, subject *phobe*) is an enduring and excessive, especially if also irrational, fear of some particular object or group of allied objects, as in *acrophobia*, a fear of heights, from Greek *akros*, at the farthest point, especially upward ; *agoraphobia*, an excessive fear of crowded places, hence of crowds, from *agora*, a market-place ; *pyrophobia*, a dread of fire, from *pur*, fire. The *phob-* element stands for the Greek *phobos*, fear.

In sharp contrast to *phobia* stands *trauma*, which in medicine denotes either a wound (Greek *trauma*, a wound) or the condition resulting from one, but in psychiatry denotes some perturbation, especially a severe mental shock, to which a neurosis is attributable ; the adjective is *traumatic* (Greek *traumatikos*). The impact of the word

upon modern fiction may be exemplified in, for instance, Michael Innes's 'A Private View,' where, of the chief character, it is remarked that 'In the worst of these narrows he thought he was stuck for good ; it was like some abominable Freudian dream of the trauma of birth.'

Perhaps more fundamental than even a very serious trauma is *paranoia*, a word adopted from Greek, where it means either madness, especially a grave mental derangement, or extreme folly of the sort one charitably explains by saying that the poor fellow must be mad ; *paranoia* consists of *para*, beside, to the side of, (hence) apart from, beyond, and *noia*, an alteration of *nous*, mind. In psychiatry, however, *paranoia* means a mental disorder that, chronic in its incidence, is characterised always by delusions of grandeur, hence of persecution, and occasionally by hallucinations ; the usual adjective is *paranoiac*—compare *maniac* from *mania* ; and, like *maniac*, *paranoiac* serves also as a noun.

Less spectacular but more interesting than *paranoia* is *schizophrenia*, a psychosis marked by the subject's diminishing sense of reality, by his notable unawareness of the world around him, and consequently by the gradual decay of his character and, indeed, of his entire personality ; it is allied to, but it does not necessarily become, insanity—a good psychiatrist can often arrest the progress of *schizophrenia*. The adjective is *schizophrenic* ; the noun, either *schizophrenic* or *schizophrenic*—colloquially 'a *schizo*.' Now, *schizophrenia* is what the popular press calls 'a split personality' ; strictly, a personality is split when it exhibits very noticeable contradictions and it only tends towards *schizophrenia*. The popular error arose very naturally, for *schizophrenia* literally means 'the condition of a divided mind' : Greek *schizo-*, a combining-form from *schizein*, properly *skhizein*, to cleave in two, to split + *phrēn*, the mind + *-ia*, a medical suffix indicating a morbid or disordered condition. Once again, therefore, we are seeing an example of the fact that psychiatric nomenclature has occasionally been—well, shall we say 'infelicitous' ? Usually it is good. More than once, it is both felicitous and picturesque.

Passing to matters less grave than *paranoia* and *schizophrenia*, we meet with *defence mechanism*, a mental device



adopted by a subject (person)—usually unaware that he is doing so—for the achievement of some end, especially the gratification of a desire, and with *escapism* (adjective: *escapist*), by which a subject habitually and, as often as not, consciously occupies—above all, entertains—his mind in order to avoid thinking of unpleasant reality or merely to obviate the deadening effects of routine.

Escapism is manifestly akin to *wishful thinking*, which, normally adopted to ignore unpleasant facts or to render one's mental or emotional life more pleasant, consists either in believing to be true what one wishes to be true or in finding illusory confirmation of what one likes to believe or to think. It is dangerous only when it leads to ill-founded optimism. The late Olaf Stapledon in that stimulating book 'Beyond the Isms' (1942) could in one place write, 'Gradually scientific integrity, intellectual honesty, came to be felt as the supreme virtue, and wishful thinking became the deepest sin against the spirit,' and in another, no less sincerely, 'My last word to the sceptic about the spirit is this. Let him earnestly examine his own heart. He has too easily cowed us by his air of superior intellectual integrity and by his imputation of confused and wishful thinking. It is time that we who recognise the spirit should have the courage of our convictions, and turn the tables on him.' Very few of those who cultivate the spirit need to consult a psychiatrist. Unfortunately, precious few cultivate the spirit; some don't even know that such a thing exists.

A very odd form of wishful thinking is the *death wish*, a morbid result of 'the Atomic Age' and of a consequent panic. Panic cannot supervene while the mind remains in control, nor while one realises that the spirit is of greater importance than the body: a body exists, a spirit lives. Yet *death wish* and *wishful* (or, as a wit has punned it, *wistful*) *thinking* possess a philological significance: amid the welter of greicised and latinised words, they stand out, lonely peaks, by their unaffected Englishry.

*Wishful thinking*, *escapism*, and *defence mechanism* bring us to *sublimation*, the diversion, whether deliberate or subconscious, of a baffled aim or an unrealised desire into an occupation of a higher order; thus, the passion of love or the goad of lust can be diverted into creative work or, in the altruistic, into social works. *Sublimation*

derives from Medieval Latin *sublimatio* (genitive *sublimationis*), from *sublimare*, to elevate, from *sublimis*, lofty, itself from *sub*, under, and *limen*, a lintel, with basic sense 'up to, hence on, the lintel.' Its adjective *sublimational*—*sublimatory* is non-psychological—is not to be confused with *subliminal*, literally below (*sub*) the threshold (*limen*). The Latin *limen* has the complementary senses 'lintel' and 'threshold'—a crosspiece at the head, a crosspiece at the foot, of a door. The *subliminal self* is that part of one's personality which lies below or, if you prefer, beyond his awareness: compare, therefore, *the subconscious*, both for the meaning and for the fact that laymen often misunderstand these fundamental words.

What then of those two other terms airily misused by laymen: *compensation* and *projection*?

*Compensation*, literally a weighing together (*L. compensatio*: *com-*, with, and a derivative from *pendere*, to weigh), denotes the act—or the result—of substituting something either agreeable or a second-best for something disagreeable or unattainable; the technical adjective is *compensational*.

*Projection* is rather more tricky. Literally a throwing forward (*pro* + a combining-form of Latin *iacere*, Medieval *jacere*, to throw), *projection* in its psychiatric application designates the extraordinarily convenient habit of attributing to other persons, or even to objects, one's own aims, desires, thoughts and especially one's own defects and faults; a habit sometimes identical with an over-zealous prosecution of the belief that 'attack is the best defence.' The adjective is *projective*.

Such mental habits as projection, compensation, sublimation, wishful thinking are 'human, all too human.' They have their comical side. They are much less dangerous than paranoia or schizophrenia.

But all the foregoing habits and tendencies, diseases and malaises, have one thing in common. They prevent or, at the least, threaten to prevent us from *integrating our personalities*. The *integrated personality*, result of the *integration of personality*, is the goal of all men of good will (*hommes de bonne volonté*) or men of *integrity*, whether psychiatrists or laymen. The *integrative* process means very much the same as the co-ordinative process; 'to *integrate*' means little more than to co-ordinate. Never-

theless, *integration* connotes an element of internal—that is, of spiritual and intellectual—unification, whether in effort or in process or in result. To *integrate* is to render whole, all of a piece, unflawed, as, in fact, its etymology shows. To *integrate* comes from *integratus* (stem *integrat-*), past participle of *integrare*, to make whole: *integrare* comes from *integer* (whence also, via Medieval *integralis*, the adjective *integral*), whole, entire, but literally untouched: *integer* combines *in-*, not, with an alteration of *tangere*, to touch, past participle *tactus*. Latin *integer*, English *integral* and *integrated*, should therefore be set beside Latin *intactus* and its English derivative *intact*. Comparatively, yet only comparatively, *intact* and *integral* as we are at birth, we later find, especially when we reach middle age, that we have to *re-integrate* rather than *integrate* our personalities.

Psychiatry, it is clear, goes straight to psychological fundamentals. Naturally the language of psychiatry, represented inadequately yet not altogether unfairly in the preceding pages, leads us at times into deep waters. We need not drown in those waters.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS.

- Queen Victoria and her Prime Ministers.** Algernon Cecil.
- A History of the Crusades, Volume II: The Kingdom of Jerusalem and the Frankish East, 1100-1187.** Steven Runciman.
- Joseph Chamberlain, A Political Memoir, 1880-1892.** Edited by C. H. D. Howard.
- British Policy in the Sudan, 1882-1902.** Dr Mekki Shibeika, D.Phil.
- The Attack.** R. H. Tawney.
- Dynasty of Ironfounders. The Darbys at Coalbrookdale.** Arthur Raistrick.
- The Story of the Rockefeller Foundation.** Raymond B. Fosdick.
- Ladies Chain.** Neville Blackburne.
- The History of the First French Army.** Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny.
- Churches of Somerset.** A. K. Wickham.
- Mau Mau and the Kikuyu.** L. S. B. Leakey.
- Our Neighbour Worlds.** V. A. Firsoff.
- Sudan Story.** John Hyslop.
- British War Production.** H. M. Postan.
- The Worthies of England.** Thomas Fuller.
- Principium Sapientiæ.** F. M. Cornford.
- The Decline of Imperial Russia.** Hugh Seton-Watson.
- The Forsaken Idea. A Study of Viscount Milner.** Edward Crankshaw.
- Archæology in the Field.** O. G. S. Crawford.

Readers of Mr Algernon Cecil's works have learned to expect from him dignity of style, sound scholarship, well-balanced views and judgments, and a complete absence of the shoddy and slipshod. They will not be disappointed in his latest work, 'Queen Victoria and her Prime Ministers' (Eyre and Spottiswoode). Of course all the Prime Ministers have been much written about elsewhere, but Mr Cecil's work, bringing them all within the same covers and dealing with not only the facts of Prime Ministry but also with its spirit and philosophy, is very useful and valuable. There is one exception to premiership in the book, and that is Mr Cecil's own father, the late Lord Eustace Cecil, brother of the Prime Minister Lord Salisbury, and himself a remarkable man, though never courting the limelight. Those who remember him and had the privilege of enjoying his hospitality will greatly appreciate this most attractive tribute to his memory. In a collection of essays of such high merit it is difficult to pick on any as absolutely the best, though many readers will, we think, find special interest in those on Disraeli, Rosebery, and Salisbury—all very discerning and the former two admirably detached; the last, for obvious family reasons,

is more attached, though none the less interesting. Undoubtedly Lord Salisbury's last premiership covered the peak of British power and prestige and the question arises, was the subsequent decline largely due to the fact that the principles of his foreign statesmanship were abandoned and our isolation, or independence, sacrificed by ties with France and other powers of which he would never have approved, or were there inherent defects in the Salisbury system which were bound to tell in changing circumstances? Mr Cecil takes the former view; all his readers will not agree, but it will be remarkable if all are not deeply interested.

**'A History of the Crusades, Volume II: The Kingdom of Jerusalem and the Frankish East, 1100-1187,'** by Steven Runciman (Cambridge University Press), has been keenly awaited by readers of his former volume *'The First Crusade and the Foundation of the Kingdom of Jerusalem.'* This new volume carries the story of the Frankish States of Outremer from the accession of King Baldwin I to the reconquest of Jerusalem by Saladin in 1187, after the death of the brave but leprosy-ridden Baldwin IV in 1185 and the consequent family feuds and intrigues for power—ending with Guy de Lusignan, a king of very short reign and then Saladin's prisoner. We are told of the establishment of the Kingdom and Outremer and its neighbours, and the crusading expedition of 1101. Then came the zenith with Baldwin II as King, to be followed by the more famous but unsuccessful Crusade under Louis VII of France and Conrad III of Germany, the gathering of the Kings, Christian strife and discord, and the resulting fiasco. We are given a striking picture of life and conditions in Outremer, the growth of luxury and influence of the East—also of strife and disunion as opposed to Moslem unity. Mr Runciman writes with the skill of a trained historian and with the insight and mastery of his subject which give an atmosphere both pleasing and instructive for the general reader.

**'Joseph Chamberlain, A Political Memoir, 1880-1892,'** edited from the original manuscript by C. H. D. Howard (Batchworth Press), will be a useful work for students of the period. It was dictated by Chamberlain to his secretary in 1891 and 1892 and gives his account of what happened in those fateful years when Gladstone's



conversion to Home Rule split the Liberal Party beyond recovery and finally turned Chamberlain and those who shared his views to work with Lord Salisbury and the Conservatives. There were various attempts at reconciliation with the Gladstonians through Harcourt, Morley, and others—all to no purpose, and there had been previous negotiations with Parnell, in which Chamberlain had played a leading part. Gladstone's conduct can hardly escape being called equivocal at times, though it is not necessary to go as far as Labouchere, who in a letter to Chamberlain called him 'a lunatic at large, whose intelligence seems to be now limited to a sort of low cunning'! Many eminent people come into this memoir apart from Gladstone, such as Lord Hartington, Randolph Churchill, John Bright, Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Salisbury, Arthur Balfour, Lord Spencer, and the notorious Captain O'Shea.

The book throws interesting light on what was going on behind the scenes.

In 'British Policy in the Sudan, 1882-1902,' Dr Mekki Shibeika (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press), who is Reader in Sudan History in the University College of Khartoum, has collected much interesting material, some of it unfamiliar, and relies on official documents to the extent that in his bibliography he includes Lord Cromer's 'Modern Egypt' among secondary works. The first nine chapters, which carry events to the Gordon Relief Expedition, were written as a thesis which earned a Doctorate of Philosophy at London University.

Particularly in this first part of his book, the author has not always succeeded in welding together the notes on the various sources on which he has drawn and the impression left on the reader is of a conglomerate rather than a homogeneous whole. For this reason, and because characters are apt to come into the story without any previous introduction or explanation of who they are, a reader unacquainted with the country or its history might have some difficulty following the course of events. The ultra-academic system of transliteration takes no account of official or generally accepted usage and tends to disguise well-known names at a first glance.

Of the last five chapters, which do not suffer from the minor defects of the first part of the book, three deal with the diplomatic defence by Great Britain of the Sudan

against threatened encroachment by Italy and France, the latter culminating in the Fashoda crisis ; two chapters deal with the advance first to Dongola and then to Khartoum ; and the book concludes with an extremely interesting history of the Condominium Agreement, from which it appears that the idea of this device originated with Lord Salisbury and not with Lord Cromer, who was at first inclined to fight shy of it.

The book is a valuable study and gains interest as the second of its kind, written by a native of the Sudan, to appear in 1952.

'**The Attack,**' by R. H. Tawney (George Allen and Unwin), consists of a collection of essays and articles written during the last thirty years or so, on varying subjects. The title is taken from the first article, which describes powerfully and with deep understanding life (and death) in the trenches in France before and during an attack on the German lines in the First World War. It is a striking bit of literature. Then there is an account of China over thirty years ago, informative but so much out of date that it hardly seems worth inclusion. There are two very illuminating and sympathetic articles on 'Beatrice Webb 1858-1943' and 'The Webbs and their Work.' There is a good article on 'Why Britain Fights' ; and then there are the articles on socialism and politics. Professor Tawney is devastatingly critical and most of the Labour leaders up to 1939 meet with his displeasure almost as much as the Conservatives. The general effect (on one reviewer at any rate) is that, while there are of course bad socialists, socialism should be judged only by its best exponents, while capitalism must be judged by its worst, because apparently all capitalists, especially those fearful (to the author) people bankers, industrialists, and landowners, are bad. This is not convincing. The author says that part of the attraction of the Webbs was that 'they made a practice of treating with respect opinions which they did not share.' We do not doubt Professor Tawney's deep-seated convictions, but he might learn something from the Webbs.

'**Dynasty of Ironfounders. The Darbys at Coalbrookdale,**' by Arthur Raistrick (Longmans), is a remarkable story of family enterprise, business acumen, and earnest purpose. The works were founded by Abraham Darby

in 1699 and until 1851 the business remained essentially a family concern, managed and directed by its owners, who retained a close contact with every section of the work and the workers and lived in the neighbourhood. The families which were associated with the Darbys and from time to time provided managers and superintendents were all related to the Darbys by marriage and were also drawn together by their religious beliefs, for all were Quakers. The book has a full measure of technical details, statistics, graphs, and tables which will not have special appeal to the general reader, but there is really interesting information about steam engines before Watt and railways before Stephenson, and also about the well-known Iron Bridge across the Severn, the first in the world of its kind to be built. One might wish for some more information about the Darby and Reynolds families at home and outside the works, for they were a striking lot. However, the book as it stands is a worthy and interesting record of and tribute to some remarkable people.

**'The Story of the Rockefeller Foundation,'** by Raymond B. Fosdick (Odhams), is the history of an organisation which is not only most remarkable but indeed unique, for at no other time and in no other place has there been a man who had the will and determination to create such an organisation and the means to achieve it. To make an institution with the avowed object 'to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world' would sound merely boastful and fantastic for anyone except a Rockefeller who could devote nearly two hundred million dollars to the scheme. Public health and medical education were the primary objects, 'but even when supplemented by the biological sciences and pointed toward a fuller understanding of human behaviour, these do not constitute a rounded programme for an organisation whose concern is the well-being of men. The goal of health, physical or mental, is not sufficiently broad, something is missing from the equation. One of the missing factors is, of course, a knowledge of human relationships.' And so the foundation branched out into social sciences. Its scope is indeed world-wide and its generosity immense. With the main Rockefeller Foundation are associated the General Education Board, the International Education Board, and the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. Dr Fosdick was

for twelve years president of the Rockefeller Foundation and he is therefore thoroughly equipped to write its remarkable story

'**Ladies Chain,**' by Neville Blackburne (Falcon Press), can be called a gallery of portraits of some notable women between 1760 and 1850. Like a chain they overlap and are entwined, but are none the worse for that. The portraits include 'blue stockings' like Mrs Montagu, Mrs Boscawen, and Mrs Vesey, Society leaders like Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Buckinghamshire, Jane Duchess of Gordon, Lady Cork and Orrery, Lady Holland, Lady Jersey, Princess Lieven, Lady Castlereagh, and Lady Sefton. Among others we are shown Lady Blessington and Lady Davy. That indicates a varied collection, and what is the connecting link between them all? The answer is, perhaps, 'Conversation'—talk, always talk, talk and literature, talk and politics, talk and intrigue, or talk and just Society gossip. In some cases the lady concerned (as for example Lady Davy) was so enamoured of her own voice that no one else had a chance. In other cases the lady encouraged others, or in the case of Lady Holland not so much encouraged as commanded. It would be hard to place these essays in order of merit when all are good, but perhaps Lady Holland, Lady Melbourne, and Lady Blessington are outstanding. It may be said that at times the author's style is somewhat ornate, but then the period was ornate and not given to simplicity. At any rate the book is most enjoyable.

Nothing, in the last war, led to more prolonged and acute discussion than Operation Anvil ('The Riviera Landings' and the advance of the Allied Contingent from the South of France to link up with the main Overlord Armies). Once the decision was taken and the operation put in hand, nothing was more important than the role played in it by the reconstituted French Army. '**The History of the First French Army,**' by Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny (George Allen and Unwin), gives a full account of that last grim winter's fighting. The objectives—the liberation of Alsace and historic Strasbourg and the crossing of the Rhine—were finally attained, but only through the dynamism and drive of their commander pushing his men almost beyond the limits of their endurance.

An outstanding difficulty was the amalgamation of

the Free French Forces of the Interior—those in the Resistance who had been fighting in the *Maquis*—with the regular troops. This fusion was absolutely necessary both from the military and political points of view, and nowhere did de Lattre show more clearly his qualities of imagination and authority to achieve this end.

In General Patch, commanding the U.S. Seventh Army, fighting alongside him up to the Rhine, he found a leader after his own heart ; and his relations with the Americans were always excellent, which was the more remarkable as through many anxious weeks the preferential treatment given to General Patton's attack on the Saar farther north made things very difficult for the French on their extended front.

Obviously, Marshal de Lattre was an inspiring leader with just that touch of the theatre that inspires enthusiasm. This book, with its message of faith and courage, helps us to realise what his loss has meant—at this juncture—both to France and the French Army.

Few, if indeed any, counties can beat Somerset in the wealth of ecclesiastical, and domestic, architecture. Wells Cathedral and Bath Abbey are outstanding among churches and so are the ruins of Glastonbury. But there are many village churches which are equally outstanding in their own class, and their towers are famous. So '**Churches of Somerset,**' by the late A. K. Wickham, with a foreword by the Headmaster of Eton (Phoenix House), is very welcome. It is generally admitted now that Perpendicular architecture is the perfect consummation of Gothic style in this country, and one of the greatest contributions to art. Three-quarters of the four hundred ancient churches in Somerset date from that fine flowering time, beginning with Yeovil in 1380. But Mr Wickham also takes us back to Stogursey in 1180. Bridgwater, Wedmore, Oxbridge, Martock, Yatton, Mells, Evercreech, Bishop's Lydeard, Chewton Mendip, Staple Fitzpaine, Dunster, Croscombe, and many others with romance in their names and beauty in their churches are all part of Somerset's heritage. Over 100 fine photographs adorn this excellent book.

'**Mau Mau and the Kikuyu,**' by L. S. B. Leakey (Methuen), is most timely. It is also written with great authority, as the author was born and bred in the Kikuyu



country and has spent most of his life there and he talks the language as well as he does English. He shows fairly and clearly the great benefits which the British have given to the Kikuyu in the way of medical service, education, administration, and freedom from famine. He also shows how the Kikuyu grievances (real and imaginary) have arisen. Fifty years and more ago when the first white settlers came, they found large tracts of fertile country almost denuded of inhabitants by famine and pestilence. That land they acquired fairly and legally, but some of it was formerly Kikuyu land, and now that the natives under British administration have increased enormously and their present land is congested, they claim their former land again. Hence arise grievance, discontent, disaffection, and Mau Mau activities. Dr Leakey gives a clear and interesting account of Kikuyu customs, religion and way of life before the white settlers came, and what is happening now. He also gives useful advice about what can be done for the future. The book deserves most careful study.

'Our Neighbour Worlds,' by V. A. Firsoff, M.A. (Hutchinson), is a scientific consideration of our solar system and its suitability for space travel. Can it provide the bases, either in the form of man-made terminals or in the satellites of the other planets, for refuelling depots? What navigational problems need to be overcome? Having overcome the earth's gravitational pull, what are the obstacles of approach to the other planets; and, having reached them, what are the difficulties of leaving them again? What do we know of the matter of the other solar bodies, and how would their constitution affect man?

Mr Firsoff approaches these questions with professional qualifications, though he does not write for astronomers. He treats, on the most comprehensive scale, of space travel as very much within the range of fairly quick realisation, and, keeping it on purely mechanistic and scientific terms, his book is immensely provocative and exciting, not in the spurious schoolboy way, as elaborated by the puerilities of 'science fiction,' but in its revealing survey of all the known factors that will have to be in the text-books of the pioneers. It will certainly need much more than faith to sustain them on their immense journeys.

'Sudan Story,' by John Hyslop (Naldrett Press), is very timely, as the Sudan has been much in the public eye. The book is written in easy, popular style and combines a lot of valuable information with some word painting of the scene. It is also a wonderful tribute to British administration, keenness, and foresight. Till Kitchener's victory in 1898 the Sudan was a scene of chaos, tribal warfare, disease and terror, and scarcely any Sudanese could read or write. Kitchener set the administration on the right lines, and the system of local government and Khartoum University (formerly Gordon College) show what has been done. There are Sudanese ministers of state, under-secretaries, district commissioners, town clerks, lawyers, professors, teachers, lecturers, and students, and Sudanese hold 87 per cent. of the 9,625 classified posts in the Sudan Civil Service, and year by year are proving their qualities for self-government. Mr Hyslop deals clearly and forcefully with the question of the Nile and its vital importance to Egypt—and incidentally how small a proportion of the Nile water the Sudan is at present allowed to keep. Egyptians fear lest independence will mean keeping much more and impoverishing Egypt. There are good chapters on the welfare state, 'Down South,' the desert, and religious conflict. This is a useful and reliable work for all interested in the subject.

The complete conversion of our national resources both in industry and man-power to keep military supplies up to demand in the Second World War was, by its completeness, an operation of unprecedented magnitude and complexity. Any official survey of it could obviously not be contained in one volume, and '**British War Production**,' by H. M. Postan (H.M. Stationery Office and Longmans Green), is the introductory volume to a series of studies covering every angle of its operation for which official documents have been made available to the authors, though their use and deductions from them are the authors' own responsibilities. Mr Postan has welded his mass of fact—if not into perfect coordination at least into a sequence that marks the progress of the war and relates the vast question of supplies and production to the expenditure of the fields of battle and to the needs of all the services, both those of day to day and the much more difficult estimation of possible

future needs. The huge dovetailing of raw materials and man-power in production and distribution makes the record of it a book for the specialist. Future historians must of course use it as a source book.

This new edition of '**The Worthies of England**,' by Thomas Fuller, edited, with an introduction and notes, by John Freeman (George Allen and Unwin), the first for over a century, provides for our enjoyment one of those oddities of literature—a personal compilation. It is a factual record of places and people, English county by county, but so overlaid by the personality of its author and in its expression so stylistically apt as to rate very highly. It is of great antiquarian interest as an unselfconscious period record, but readers will delight most in its stimulating and vivid language—truly of its period, but unique in its combination of hearty wit, its zestful appreciation of that ever-wayward phenomenon, human behaviour, its objective curiosity on anything that comes to hand, whether it be nails or cheddar cheese, and its aphoristic clinching of opinion and point of view into the proverb. But the best recommender of such a kitchen may be a few random smells.

On Thomas Weldon: 'He was confessor and privy councillor to King Henry V, who died in his bosom, and whom he taxed for too much leniency to the Wycliffites: so that we behold the breath of Welden as the bellows which blew up the coals for the burning of those poor Christians in England.'

'The appetite for a new wife is not comely before the grief for the former be well digested.'

Of John Baconthorpe, dwarf and Carmelite: 'He groped after more light than he saw, saw more than he durst speak of, spake of more than he was thanked for by those of his superstitious order.'

'A pistol is a pure leveller, and puts both dwarf and giant into equal capacity to kill and be killed.'

Three of the most valuable chapters in this posthumous work '**Principium Sapientiæ**,' by F. M. Cornford (Cambridge University Press)—prepared for publication by W. K. C. Guthrie—are those entitled 'The Philosopher as Successor of the Seer-poet,' 'The Quarrel of the Seer and the Philosopher,' 'The Quarrel of Philosophy and Poetry.' These chapters, on the broadest possible bases, examine

the springboard of the Greek inheritance of myth and tradition that was to provide the impetus for the objective rationale of the later wide-ranging intellectual formulas.

'All philosophy is based on the postulate that the world must be an intelligible order, not a mere welter of sights and sounds flowing in upon our senses from moment to moment. The philosopher's intelligence goes out to meet it confident in its unaided power of insight and reasoning.'

'The natural philosopher is in competition with the didactic poet in so far as they cover the same field of cosmogony and theogony. The muse had revealed to the inspired poet the history of the world back to the further bounds of the inaccessible past. Their tale was a tissue of myth. . . .'

This shows at once the point of the title of the first half of his book, 'Empiricism versus Inspiration.'

Modern thought has, he states, been too ready to ascribe to the Greeks the reasoning empirical methods that are the basis of our modern sciences. The weight of the traditions that the Greeks had was all in myths. To the natural sciences as to the applied, once the mythical origin was found insufficient, their approach was, and had to be, in most cases experimental. And they often sat by the side of great discoveries and yet failed to make them, or, at least, made them so late as to prove how illusive a truth, obvious when once proved, can be when it is a wholly original train of thought. Professor Cornford examines the systems of Epicurus and Anaximander and documents them closely by his own interpretations of them, and in so doing is forced to be critical of other interpretations. He carries his argument to the Syrian cosmogonies, showing the influences of these earlier systems on the formation of Greek mythology, an influence that becomes more and more apparent as new material is discovered. This latter section of the book was left unfinished at the author's death, but what there is has been wisely included. It is sane, practical, and completely without that donnish cult of esoteric privilege that obscures so much scholarly interpretation of ancient history. On the whole it is a most stimulating critical appraisal of the factors of what can be fairly said to have instituted and, in some cases, anticipated or at least laid down the direction of the road, for all Western religion, philosophy, and science.

The full surge of Communist doctrine and economics as exemplified in Soviet Russia has brought into being far too many books that assume that the chief interest in the Russia before the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 was merely as the economic cause of the Revolution. '**The Decline of Imperial Russia,**' by Hugh Seton-Watson (Methuen), surveys the period from 1855 to 1914. While not denying that it was during this period that the foundation of the Revolution was laid, Professor Seton-Watson points out with remarkably interesting detail, social, political, economic, and industrial, that it was also the period of the foundation of Russian industry, of the first apprehension of the huge problem involved in the welding into one nation of so many self-assertive nationalities, and the period when Russian foreign policy, ill-managed as it was, closely affected British foreign policy. He writes with real clarity on a vast, complex, and arbitrary country in which the Slav element was always operative and usually incalculable. He omits the tremendous output of Russian literature during this period as not being relevant to his survey. Tsarist Russia had little pattern as a nation. It was hopelessly behind the times, but, nevertheless, the signs were there of all the characteristics with which Soviet Russia affronts the Western world. Professor Seton-Watson's book is a first-rate key to any long view of present-day Russia and its development. Its historical awareness of the latent strength that was bubbling and boiling under police suppression and state autocracy, while it does not lessen the importance of the impact of the Soviet on the West, at least gives a realistic and, much as the Communists would scorn the word, a traditional reason for Communist intransigence and negative diplomacy.

Reading '**The Forsaken Idea. A Study of Viscount Milner,**' by Edward Crankshaw (Longmans), makes one feel strongly that happy is the man who can inspire—and deserve—such a tribute, though at times the author's intense admiration for the character and mind of his subject is inclined to make him rather too uncritical. We are told that for nearly half a century Milner has been denied a true appreciation of his qualities. That will seem to many going too far, as after the notable part which Milner played in the later stages of the First World War his great qualities were very widely recognised. His



supreme and abiding conviction was that the survival of Britain, through the preservation and development of the Empire, was the supreme concern of all Englishmen—and, indeed, necessary in a much larger field for the preservation of civilisation. To this he devoted his life. He gave up the prospects of a prosperous career at the bar to enter the public service. In that service he was ready for any kind of work, provided it was a job really needing doing and that he felt that he could do it. He was always reserved and sometimes seemed hard, but all the time the patriotic fire was burning brightly within him. Many readers will regret Mr Crankshaw's reference to the 'orotund phrases' of Lord Baldwin 'which only vulgarise the resolution which they were intended to celebrate'—surely an ungenerous comment on a fine tribute to Lord Milner's memory.

'Archæology in the Field,' by O. G. S. Crawford, C.B.E., Litt.D. (Phoenix House), is an important and valuable work by a distinguished and widely experienced authority. Dr Crawford is well known as the founder and editor of 'Antiquity,' and he was for twenty-five years archæology officer of the Ordnance Survey, whose series of period maps he originated and compiled. He begins in this book with archæology before 1859 and shows how the nature of the work and connotation of the term have developed. He then deals with archæology, maps, and work in the field, including Roman roads and pre-Roman tracks, Celtic fields, querns, prehistoric linear earthworks, ponds, camps, huts, caves, houses, tombs, barrows, megaliths, mediæval castle mounds, and parks. Then there are chapters on field archæology in other lands, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and an excellent explanation of the close liaison between archæology and anthropology, and a final summing-up of the essential nature of field work, now fully recognised in this country, with some enlightening examples and an analogy from cartography. The book is written for the intelligent layman and its wide scope and clear language should certainly appeal to all interested in the subject. To one reader at any rate the quest of castle mounds and parks suggests pleasurable pursuit of historical knowledge, and other readers will doubtless find equal attraction in other chapters of this excellent book.

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